HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XVI.—No. 815.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ANY THING TO GET IN.

YOU CAN'T PLAY THE OLD TROJAN HORSE GAME ON UNCLE SAM.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE MODERN TROJAN HORSE.

The Greeks, as we learn from Virgil, having beleaguered the strong city of Troy for many years without success, and despairing of reducing it by siege or assault, resolved to try the effect of stratagem. They accordingly built within their camp an immense hollow wooden horse, in which were concealed a number of men, and then sailed away from the coast with all their forces. The Trojans, imagining that the horse had been left behind in the panic or hurry of departure, drew it within the walls of their city. The succeeding night the Greeks returned. Their confederates emerged from their hiding-place in the horse, opened the gates under cover of the darkness, and the Greek soldiers rushed in, took, sacked, and burned the city.

Mr. Nast's cartoon on our first page illustrates in a very forcible manner a modern application of this ancient story.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 10, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of Harper's Magazine *is commenced a* new novel *by* Charles Reade, *entitled* "A Simpleton: A Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins *will be commenced in the October Number of the* Magazine.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Magazine *from the commencement of* Charles Reade's *story, in the August Number,* 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November,* 1873—*making* Sixteen Numbers—for Four Dollars.

THE SPEECH OF SENATOR SCHURZ.

The address of Mr. Schurz at St. Louis is the only important speech which has thus far been made in favor of Mr. Greeley's election. Mr. Schurz has been always a Republican, and his speech at Chicago a year ago, in which he arraigned the Administration and declared that under no circumstances should he support the re-election of General Grant, with the later speech at Nashville, in which he said that the time had come for the formation of a new party, were the beginning of the Cincinnati campaign. Yet the unconcealed disappointment of Mr. Schurz with the Cincinnati nominations, and his final declaration at the Fifth Avenue Conference that, upon the whole, he should support Mr. Greeley, gave interest to the first public statement of his reasons for his course—a statement which he has now made in his St. Louis speech.

The speech has the independence, sincerity, and ability which characterize all his discourses, and a general loftiness of tone and ardent aspiration which show both the political thinker and enthusiast. It is in two parts—in one of which he again denounces the Administration and gives his estimate of the President at length. In this part, of course, there is nothing new, but the old topics are vigorously handled. And we have no hesitation in saying that if we believed the Administration to be so utterly degraded, and the President to be such an ignorant and reckless zany, and our Republican associates to be so helplessly under the thumb of a selfish boor, and the Cincinnati movement to be such an uprising of patriotism and morality as Mr. Schurz believes, we should do as he has evidently done—try to persuade ourselves that the election of Mr. Greeley would offer a chance for improvement.

But he undoubtedly feels, as every reader must feel, that the second part of his speech is very unsatisfactory. His task was to show not only that the Administration of General Grant and the Republican party is bad, but that that of Mr. Greeley and the Democratic party would be better. And how does he do this? By honestly confessing that the nomination of Mr. Greeley did not represent the reform movement, but that upon two important measures—revenue reform and the reform of the civil service—Mr. Greeley has given pledges that he will not dare nor desire to break. The first of these pledges is his acceptance of the sixth plank of the Cincinnati platform, which is the most absurd statement ever introduced into that most absurd of structures, the platform of a nominating convention. This plank, as our readers will remember, remits the question of free trade and protection to the people of the Congressional districts and to Congress, "wholly free of Executive interference or dictation."

But is not every question of public policy the care of the people in the districts? They elect representatives of their views to the national legislature to frame laws accordingly, but they also elect a President who is made by the Constitution—through the veto power—a part of that legislature. The Constitution, moreover, makes it his official duty to recommend to Congress such measures as he deems to be necessary and expedient. Now Mr. Greeley is, above all, a high protectionist. He believes the protective policy to be both necessary and expedient, and is so strongly of that opinion that he can hardly believe the honesty of those who differ. If he were elected President it would be his duty to recommend to Congress the protective system. If he has pledged himself not to do so, he has promised to disregard the constitutional duty of his office. Again, if Congress should pass "a free-trade tariff," or one which would be acceptable to revenue reformers, it would be President Greeley's constitutional duty to veto it. He could not honorably evade it. If he has promised not to do so, he has promised to violate his oath of office. To the extent of the veto the Constitution has made him a part of the legislature, and as President he could no more honorably sign a tariff bill which he did not approve than as a member of Congress he could vote for it. The plank is absurd. If Mr. Greeley is pledged as President to remain passive upon one of the most important of all questions, and upon which he is known to have the most positive convictions, he is pledged to evade the Constitution. Yet this pledge is one of the two reasons which Mr. Schurz urges for supporting Mr. Greeley's election as a return to constitutional government.

The second pledge is that in regard to civil service reform. This reform is properly considered by Mr. Schurz to be a subject of vital importance. He is the author of an elaborate scheme which was presented in the Senate four years ago, but which disappeared in the Congressional abyss, as all such schemes do. Mr. Schurz wrote to Mr. Greeley on the 26th of June to know his views. On the 8th of July Mr. Greeley replied. He describes very truly the mischiefs of the present system, and states that in his opinion the remedy lies in a single Presidential term. As to such details of method as boards and examinations, Mr. Greeley speaks with entire courtesy of the efforts that have been recently made, but which he evidently supposes to be paralyzed by Executive hostility; and he trusts that the time is not far distant when there will be a genuine reform. This letter, which repeats Mr. Greeley's well-known favorable views of a single term of the Presidency, and which states that if he could hold but for one term the President would have no temptation to conciliate political interests by appointments, Mr. Schurz accepts as a pledge for the practical reform of the civil service; and as the abandonment of such a pledge would be inextinguishable disgrace, he does not believe that it would be betrayed. Now undoubtedly Mr. Greeley expresses his honest views in this letter, but he makes no pledge. He says that he favors a reform of the civil service by the appointment of good men, and that a one-term President would have no temptation to appoint unfit men. But Mr. Schurz must see that Mr. Greeley is no more pledged by this letter than he was by his letter of acceptance, or by his article in the *Galaxy* last year. We are not questioning his wish for a reform of the civil service; but if Mr. Schurz was not ready to support him upon what he had already said, this letter furnishes no additional reason.

Yet because of this letter and of that absurd plank Mr. Schurz is willing to intrust the government of the country to the Democratic party. This, indeed, he expressly and contemptuously denies. He assumes that the Democratic party is dissolved by the nomination of Mr. Greeley, and that his administration will be—for he is absolutely sure of his election—a non-partisan administration. We honor the character and we respect the abilities of Mr. Schurz, but when we hear him say that he knows "the patriotic spirit" of the men in the Democratic party "who achieved so tremendous a revolution," we listen with amazement and incredulity. He is a scholar, he is a student of history, he is an observer of human nature, he has mingled in public affairs—is it possible that he believes that a great organized political body, with the history, the traditions, and the tendencies of the Democratic party in this country, has suddenly, upon the eve of an election, renounced all that made it a party? Mr. Schurz is an honest man. He says so. Therefore he does believe it. And that is the very reason why the movement of which he is the real leader will necessarily fail. He believes that the old Democratic party, compact and organized, which has regularly nominated Mr. Greeley, and to which he will owe his election if successful, has become a party of reform. But the well-taught and sagacious American people no more believe it than they believe Lucifer to be Gabriel because he might call himself so.

THE REPUBLICAN SCHISM IN NEW YORK.

The schism in the Republican party in New York is explained in the speech of Senator Conkling. It is a sorry tale, which he reluctantly tells. But he has done wisely, for it will show to the honest men both of that State and of other States, that the New York movement which ended in the Cincinnati nomination, and the austere professions of desire of civil service reform, began in a wretched wrangle about patronage. We do not mean that there is not and has not been an honest discontent with the Administration. But the Missouri call would have ended in a meeting for consultation at Cincinnati, and nothing more, except for the cooperation of New York, which instantly brought the most experienced and skillful political intriguers into the movement, and gave it the form which it finally assumed.

It seems very clear that if Senator Fenton and Mr. Greeley could have controlled the Republican patronage in the State of New York, Mr. Greeley would not now be the Democratic candidate for President, nor Senator Fenton a "reformer." This is not a pleasant thing to say; and it is not we, but the facts, which say it. Mr. Conkling states that before and immediately after the inauguration of President Grant Mr. Fenton was his especial champion. The President wished the Tenure of Office act repealed, and Mr. Fenton warmly favored it. The President wished the law invalidating Mr. Stewart to be repealed, and Mr. Fenton urgently supported him. To both of these propositions Mr. Conkling was opposed. As all who are familiar with politics in the State know, it was understood that Senator Fenton was the power with the President. Thus, not six postmasters in the State were appointed at the instance of Mr. Conkling, and more than two hundred at that of Senator Fenton, all of whom, if not officially delinquent, still remain. But Senator Conkling certainly did not complain. Presently the President observed that many of those who were recommended by Mr. Fenton and his friends proved to be unfit officers, and he then began to consult with Mr. Conkling.

This gave the alarm, strong remonstrance was made, and the President was threatened with a defection in the party in New York. At the State Convention of 1870 Mr. Fenton hoped to show that he controlled the party in the State, and by so doing to bring the President to terms. This he failed to do. But it is undeniable that on the eve of the election, during which he and his friends had not been very zealous, Mr. Fenton made a speech in which he said that the party in the city of New York was discouraged by "some *unfortunate Federal appointments*," which meant, as we all know, appointments not agreeable to Mr. Fenton and his friends. When the State Committee tried to unite the party, and asked Mr. Greeley, as a friend of Mr. Fenton, to join Mr. Schultz in the work, Mr. Greeley declined, and said, "*Had a little forbearance and conciliation been evinced by the appointing power at Washington, I think this might have been different.*" He does not say that unfit appointments had been made, and that the public service was thereby endangered, which would have been a most legitimate complaint, but that there had not been "forbearance and conciliation." Of what and of whom? Evidently of Mr. Fenton and his friends, and of their preferences.

From that moment the breach was irreparable, and we see the results. Are we not justified in saying that if there had been "forbearance and conciliation"—that is to say, if friends of Mr. Fenton had been appointed to office—Mr. Greeley would have joined in the work of party union, and Mr. Fenton would not now be a "reformer?" We are not saying that it was good policy for the President to decline to be governed in the New York appointments by the wishes of Mr. Fenton; but it was certainly very natural and very proper that he should be alarmed, and wish to take other counsel, when he found that in so many instances he had been ill-advised. We are not saying that it might not have been crafty to divide the patronage equally between the two Senators. But we do most unequivocally say that what is called the "Liberal Republican" movement in New York, of which the loudest cry is for civil service reform, began in a quarrel over the patronage, and from the feeling of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Fenton, and their friends that they did not get their fair share of the "spoils." Other considerations, doubtless, and of a very different kind, give it power; but its organizing force comes from this source.

It is, we say, a sorry tale. It illustrates only too pointedly the miserable system of the civil service, which both parties have so sedulously cherished. Senators and Representatives have come to consider appointments their right, and their support of the Administration is often measured by the completeness with which that right is acknowledged. This is illustrated again in a letter lately published, purporting to have been written by Senator Spencer to the President, complaining that he had not observed his agreement in the matter of patronage in Alabama—a letter which the President, who had made no such agreement, never saw nor heard of until he read it in the newspaper. But has the Democratic party, to whom Mr. Greeley must look for votes, ever betrayed any ardent desire to abolish patronage? Mr. Schurz exclaims, "Civil service reform and this Administration! Good Lord, deliver us!" But upon the whole, admitting, as we certainly do, that the working politicians of every kind are really opposed to the reform, with whom has it the best chance—with General Grant and the movement already begun, or with Mr. Greeley, supported by the Democratic party and those Republicans who were not "conciliated" by appointments?

A SERIOUS INQUIRY.

It is not solely for the purpose of "nagging" the Democratic candidate and his supporters that the friends of the Administration repeat the opinion which the candidate has formerly and constantly expressed of the party. The object is very plain. If Mr. Greeley believed what he said, the little lapse of time since can not have converted him. If he did not believe it, why did he say it; and how much of what he says now does he not believe? Moreover, much of what he has said has no relation whatever to the principles and policy of the Democratic party, but to the general character of those who compose it; and it is useful and timely when his supporters are busily laughing at the friends of the Administration as reformers to repeat what he thinks of the character of his own advocates.

When we read that in 1868 Mr. Greeley said, "Every one who chooses to live by pugilism or gambling or harlotry, with nearly every keeper of a tippling-house, is politically a Democrat," we do not suppose that the repetition of the words will prevent any such person from voting for their author, because such persons are neither intelligent nor sensitive. They would undoubtedly do what the chairman of Mr. Greeley's Executive Committee, General John Cochrane, said some years ago that he would do, "vote for the devil, if he were the regular candidate." But it is certainly a very proper and legitimate inquiry, why it is that such persons should always be politically Democrats. We naturally ask what it is in the Democratic party that so attracts the worst elements of society that, upon another occasion, Mr. Greeley was constrained to inquire of his excellent friend the *World*, now supporting him for the Presidency—but very much, we allow, as a man supports an aching head—"whether the pugilists, blacklegs, thieves, burglars, keepers of dens of prostitution, etc., etc., were not almost unanimously Democrats."

Indeed, Mr. Greeley is before us in asking the secret of the attraction. "Take," says the candidate of the Democratic party—"take all the haunts of debauchery in the land, and you will find nine-tenths of their master-spirits active partisans of that same Democracy. What is the instinct, the sympathetic chord, which attaches them so uniformly to this party? Will you consider?" Precisely. What is it? 'Tis the very point that we are considering. Mr. Greeley vouches for the fact. Now how to explain it? Why is it that, in the words of Mr. Greeley, "a purely selfish interest attaches the lewd, ruffianly, criminal, and dangerous classes to the Democratic party?" Does he suggest the reason when he remarks that "if there were not a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the Democratic party would be far stronger than it is?" And did he mean to reflect upon the chairman of his Executive Committee when he asserted that "the less one learns and knows, the more certain he is to vote the regular ticket from A to Izzard?" (Does the personal organ really think that there is no fun in this campaign?)

If Mr. Greeley believed these things when he wrote them—and he undoubtedly did so—his opinion can not have changed. They were all said within a very few years, and the changes in general character and disposition can not in that time have been very considerable. We should like, therefore, respectfully to inquire at the Glenham Hotel whether the candidate is still of opinion that the pugilists, blacklegs, thieves, burglars, keepers of dens of prostitution, etc., etc., with nearly every keeper of a tippling-house, and nine-tenths of the master-spirits of all the haunts of debauchery in the land, are active partisans of the Democracy. And if he is not of that opinion, what reason he has had to change his views. We should like further to ask all honest and patriotic

people whether they are of opinion that a party to which the lewd, ruffianly, criminal, and dangerous classes are instinctively attached is a party which—whatever the purity of its candidate—is likely to elevate and reform the administration of the government.

"THE CANDOR AND GOOD FAITH OF THE JOURNALIST SHOULD BE ABSOLUTE."—WHITELAW REID.

MR. HORACE GREELEY founded the New York *Tribune* many years ago, and has always been its editor in chief until about two months since. He is, therefore, rightfully held responsible for its editorial opinions; and in quoting the *Tribune's* editorial judgments of the Democratic party down to the last year, we have, of course, called them—what every body knew them to be—Mr. GREELEY'S opinions. As Mr. GREELEY is now the Democratic candidate for President, the *Tribune* naturally dislikes to see his opinions of those upon whose votes he relies for election reproduced for public meditation. In this extremity it turns to the files of *Harper's Weekly* for the beginning of 1861—about the time when Mr. GREELEY was saying in the *Tribune* that if the Cotton States wished to secede they should be allowed to do so—and, quoting certain articles, attributes them by name to Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. The *Tribune* says:

"Mr. CURTIS himself (we are surely not mistaken in his hand) was contrasting the typical Northern man, 'Cotton Pork, Esq.,' who thought nothing so good as dollars, with the 'gentlemen' on the other side of the line, who absurdly gave preference to honor and patriotism. It would be awkward for Mr. CURTIS, would it not, if we should inquire too closely how he helped his country in the hour of her sorest trial?"

We can hardly suppose the *Tribune* to be ignorant of the fact that Mr. CURTIS was not the editor of the *Weekly* at that time, and did not write the articles which it quotes; and we can assure the *Tribune* that nothing would be less awkward for Mr. CURTIS than the strictest inquiry of the kind it mentions.

SENATOR CONKLING AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

SENATOR CONKLING'S address at the Cooper Institute was an elaborate and ardent reply to every charge made against the President, and a very powerful exposure of "the record" of Mr. GREELEY. The Senator is a man of great ability, contemptuously impatient both of the men and the professed motives of the opposition in this campaign, and he expresses with perfect freedom, and often with stinging sarcasm, all the scorn he feels. Certainly, in the slang phrase, he has posted his books with the New York *Tribune* and its editor. That paper has pursued him with such ingenious and malignant hostility, mercilessly abusing the great advantage which any great journal has over any individual who can not command a paper of equal circulation, that it is not wonderful the Senator should have used his opportunity to the utmost, and have retorted in the unsparing periods of his speech.

The defense of the President is detailed, and leaves no charge, however mean and contemptible, unnoticed. It is sweepingly impatient, as if the orator could with difficulty condescend to reply to accusations so maliciously false, but which must yet be answered. Many readers will quarrel with the spirit of the reply, as indicating either an inability or an indisposition to perceive the gravity of some of the charges, and the sincerity with which they are often made. But Senator CONKLING is not a balancing advocate, as he is not a half-way friend. There is a chivalrous gallantry in his attack as in his defense, and he scorns a hesitating friend as he despises a dodging foe. Nobody can ever pretend that he is a skulking enemy. He thinks that it is the duty of party friends to stand by each other, and to leave censure and question and criticism to the other side, which will not be reluctant to undertake them all. There is consequently a glow in his defense of the President which is the earnest of profound conviction and of hearty admiration.

Nor can it fail to impress the country. No man who had served his fellow-citizens so nobly as General GRANT was ever more foully aspersed. It is one of the most painful incidents in our history, and a suggestive hint of a serious defect in the national character. This campaign is conducted upon the preposterous principle of holding the President personally responsible for every thing that goes wrong. If there be any where a defaulting postmaster, if there be an incompetent tide-waiter, if there be a drunken vagabond with the commission of the United States upon the remotest frontier, the fact is cited triumphantly to show the base and hollow insincerity of the President's professions of interest in the reform of the civil service. If he goes to Long Branch, he deserts his duty. If he smokes or drives, he is sunk in loathsome luxury. If any thing for which the Government is responsible any where occurs which is not perfectly clear, the worst interpretation is instantly volunteered and the meanest motives are assumed. As Senator CONKLING truly says, no canvass ever appealed to the sense of fair play and the generosity of the American people so much as this.

The Senator's speech will undoubtedly satisfy the country in regard to the personal charges against the President. Take, for instance, the nomination of Mr. STEWART as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. SCHURZ, in his speech at St. Louis, touches upon this point, and, we are sorry to say, leaves it as injurious to the President as possible by omitting the chief fact. The President is accused of ignorance of the law in nominating Mr. STEWART. He is not a lawyer; but the Senate is full of eminent lawyers, and they instantly confirmed the nomination. Are they also, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. TRUMBULL, and the rest, ignorant of the law? Then he asked to have the law repealed; but upon reflection—and this is the point which Mr. SCHURZ omits and which Mr. CONKLING recalls—he withdrew his request. Remembering the circumstances and the time, was that an act which showed dull obstinacy and carelessness of all but his personal will?

Nor can there be any doubt that Senator CONKLING conclusively establishes the fact, upon which every reasonable opponent of Mr. GREELEY for every executive office has always insisted, that his whimsical and utterly unsound judgment absolutely unfits him for so vast a responsibility as that of the Presidency. The picture which the Senator draws from Mr. GREELEY'S own words and acts of his mental confusion, his timidity, his credulity, his vacillation in the hour when the real qualities of men were tried, should convince Mr. GREELEY himself that he asks for a position which he can not creditably fill. And even were he different in these respects, he is not the man to resist the pressure of the party that supports him; and that party is composed not of SCHURZES, but very largely of VANCES and GWINS and HOFFMANS and M'CLURES and COCHRANES and WENTWORTHS. We agree with Senator CONKLING that "the result is safe, because it rests with the same generation which was given by Providence to see through the darkness of the rebellion, and that generation can not be blind now."

DEMOCRATS IN 1868 AND IN 1872.

THE Brooklyn *Times* denies that Mr. GREELEY can be considered the candidate of the Democratic party in the sense that Mr. SEYMOUR was in 1868. But both were nominated by the regular party Convention, according to the regular party usages, and upon a platform adopted in the same manner, and which was declared to express the faith of the Democracy. Mr. GREELEY is incontestably the regular party candidate. The only difference is that in 1868 the party nominated a Democrat, and every body knew that it believed what it said in its platform; while in 1872 it has nominated a Republican, and every body knows that it does not believe what it says in its platform. That Mr. GREELEY should be its candidate may very justly excite profound contempt for the Democratic party; but he is the regular Democratic candidate nevertheless, and will be supported as such precisely as Mr. SEYMOUR was.

That any body seriously supposes the Democratic party to be more friendly to equal rights now than it was then we do not believe. But it sees that it can not hope for restoration by declaring its old faith, so it adopts the Cincinnati declaration for justice and equality. If by that transparent juggle it can come into power, it will undo just as much of Republican legislation as it can; and it is for that reason, and that only, that Mr. GREELEY is supported by the sentiment known as "the South." Of course that sentiment would have preferred success with Mr. SEYMOUR, or some candidate from whom it could have hoped more direct aid than it can expect from Mr. GREELEY. And so would the whole Democratic party. But it does what it can. Had it "stood out," made its platform according to its true faith, and nominated candidates that it preferred, it would have been beaten and destroyed. Therefore it says any thing, and nominates Mr. GREELEY, not because it cares for justice or equal rights, nor because it wishes any other fraternity than that of Democratic votes, but because it wishes power and plunder; and it takes the risk of finding Mr. GREELEY an impediment.

Parties do not change their convictions and opinions and traditions and tendencies and influences as an army lays down its arms in surrender. They change by individual desertion. They thin out and dissolve by constant defeat and the change of issues. But when the time comes in this country for nominating a President, and there are two great organized parties in the field, each presenting a candidate, they absorb all "side shows," and one or the other of those parties carries the election. The Brooklyn *Times* asks what if Baltimore had ratified the Philadelphia action, would GRANT then have been the Democratic candidate? If this had been done, it would have been the disappearance of the Democratic party and a yielding of the contest. Does any body but Mr. SCHURZ imagine that the Democratic party has disappeared because it has nominated Mr. GREELEY? And if that party had undergone the miracle of conversion which some persons seem to suppose, why would it be a better guardian of liberty, equality, and reform than the Republican party?

PERSONAL.

ALCOTT, in his "Concord Days," gives this graphic sketch of EMERSON: "Only a traveler at times, professionally, he prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found; likes plain persons, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest people; shuns egotists, publicity; seeks solitude, and knows its uses."

—CALEB CUSHING says the English papers are to him one of the standing miracles of the age. "The exquisite simplicity with which they attack positions which no one cares to defend or tries to defend—positions hopelessly untenable—is a thing you can never explain by any reference to the ordinary rules of human conduct." The English journals, we might add, are, to use the phrase of old Deacon Terwilliger, "as inscrutable as the ways of Divine Providence or the findings of a petit jury."

—Sir GEORGE CARTIER, Minister of Militia and Defense, of Canada, commenced life in the humblest manner, having received an education through the exertions of his poor mother, who, it is said, sold apples on the Vercheres bridge for a living. In the rebellion of 1837–38 he was a rebel and adherent of Mr. PAPINEAU. A few years later he became a conservative, and has so remained. He is the leader of that party, which follows him implicitly, and without him the present government could not stand a day.

—RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, the celebrated explorer, succeeds the late CHARLES LEVER as British consul at Trieste. Mr. BURTON is now fifty-one years old. After serving thirteen years in the Indian army he commenced exploring, and has been at that ever since. He has acquired thirty-five African dialects and languages; is expert as a huntsman, swordsman, and shot; can mix with different tribes and nations without betraying himself, making his way through all difficulties by assuming the disguise of a priest, a native doctor, or bazar-keeper.

—Professor TYNDALL, the very type of a burly Englishman, always in the best of health, has engaged passage for New York, and will arrive here in October. He will remain in the country six or seven months, and lecture in the principal cities. While here he will be in the hands of Professor HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. He will stay in New York at least two weeks, and give six lectures. As he is an eloquent and graceful speaker and a brilliant experimenter, his audiences will, of course, be large and enthusiastic.

—Bishop WHITTINGHAM, of Maryland, and two English bishops have been invited by the "Old Catholics" to participate in the congress at Cologne, which seems to indicate that the "Old Catholics" do not regard the Protestant Episcopal Church as schismatical. Bishop WHITTINGHAM now stands fourth on the roll of American P. E. bishops. He was consecrated in 1840. The three who rank him are SMITH, of Kentucky, presiding bishop, M'ILVAINE, of Ohio, and M'COSKRY, of Michigan.

—General GUARDIA, President of the republic of Costa Rica, who arrived here a few days since, is a medium-sized gentleman, about forty-five years of age, a native of that country, and speaks Spanish only. Rapidly failing health has compelled him to cease all official duty, and by consent of both Houses of the Costa Rica Congress he will make an extended tour in Europe in hopes of regaining strength.

—It is announced as a fact not without political significance that Prince BISMARCK, who ceased attending the Masonic lodge when war was declared against Austria, is about to return to it, and that the act is regarded in Germany as one of hostility to the Roman Catholic Church.

—General G. W. CUSTIS LEE, president of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, strongly resembles his father, General R. E. LEE. He is thirty-nine, and one of the best scholars West Point has produced, modest and retiring, but with great executive and organizing ability. During the last year the university has received a legacy of $75,000 from Mr. BAILEY, of New Orleans; and Mr. M'CORMICK, of Chicago, has promised to give it an observatory and telescope costing at least $250,000.

—Some of the GREELEY leaders talk about Chief Justice CHURCH as a probable candidate for Governor at the approaching Liberal-Democratic State Convention. Others mention the Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, member of Congress from the Westchester district. But the most active and shrewdest wire-pullers, backed by all the VANDERBILT railroad and Western Union Telegraph interest, are said to be laboring for the nomination of Mr. AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

—Mr. JOSEPH MASON, of Birmingham, has added his name to the roll of England's philanthropists. Within a few weeks past he invited half a dozen gentlemen to his house, to whom he handed over the title to a stately building valued at $300,000, and to which he had attached endowments estimated at $1,000,000 more. There was no ceremony save the splendid munificence of the act, and Birmingham became possessed of a most magnificent orphanage. A college of science is to be added to it. This royal gift of the Birmingham manufacturer, known in person but to few of his townsmen, was the earning of his own hands, genius, and persistence. Mr. MASON, like the late Mr. GILLOTT, is a famous pen-maker. He commenced life in humble circumstances, and by energy, tact, and skill has acquired a great fortune, which he now commences to dispense in a manner that will send his name honorably to posterity.

—H. BABERL, a German sculptor, is modeling a colossal statue of ROBERT FULTON, to be placed in the niche in front of the Union Ferry house at the foot of Fulton Street. It is to be eleven feet in height.

—Mr. SAGER, the rabbi of the Jewish synagogue in Mobile, has renounced the Hebrew faith, embraced Christianity, and united with the Baptists. The change was owing to his study of the New Testament.

—Mr. STILLSON HUTCHINGS has disposed of his one-third interest in the St. Louis *Times* to HENRY EWING, one of the stockholders, for $50,000. It is now a good, and bids fair to be a very valuable, property.

—General MOTT, formerly of the United States army, now a major-general in the Egyptian army, is on a visit to this country, and next year will revisit us with a son of the Khedive.

—CHARLES LEVER was a famous talker. There was no end of his good stories, and his witticisms were always floating about. In London his brilliant social qualities were called into play, and at BULWER'S dinners or Lord HOUGHTON'S breakfasts no one could rival his charming talk or the modesty and sweetness with which it was uttered. There was no cynicism about the handsome old Tory through all his life. He was affectionate, constant, magnanimous, in all the relations of life.

—The STRADIVARIUS violin, the gem of the collection of the late JOSEPH GILLOTT, has become by purchase the property of Mr. JOHN P. WATERS, of this city.

—Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Premier of Canada, is a tall, spare man, fifty-eight years old, with a sallow face, longish nose, and watery eye. He has a Disraelish look. In 1844 he was elected M.P. for Kingston, and so firmly is he seated that he can not be ousted from the representation of his constituency, the electors of which are said to swear by him.

—The Burmese embassador to England recently visited the House of Commons, and created a sensation. He is about forty years of age, with eyes, nose, and mouth full of fire and voluptuousness, and his motions graceful and lithe as a panther. His dress was of exquisite richness and simplicity; his cap of mauve silk woven with gold; a red scarf of many hues; and clusters of diamonds hanging from his ears, and his manner thoroughly intelligent and self-possessed.

THE RULING PASSION.

LITTLE BOY. "Be you the drugger man?"

DRUGGIST. "Yes, sonny. What can I do for you?"

LITTLE BOY. "Dad has got 'em agin! His boots is full of 'em, and he's a-howlin' like thunder, and mother sent me over to get suthin for him quick."

DRUGGIST. "What does he want?"

LITTLE BOY. "Don't know; but he is yellin' for any thing to beat GRANT!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE impeachment trial of Judge George G. Barnard, of the Supreme Court, began at Saratoga July 22, and promised to be lengthy.

The mill-workmen in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, while on a strike recently, behaved so badly that the militia were called out to disperse them. They attacked one of the mills in which the operators were at work, and, in spite of the police who were there to protect it, forced an entrance and nearly killed many of those whom they encountered. Several of the ringleaders have been placed in jail.

The marble-cutters of this city have been on a strike for about nine weeks, but without success, and the probability is that they will have to resume work at the old rates.

Hon. Horace Greeley has written a letter accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

Reports from San Francisco state that all the white settlers at the forks of the Skeena River, in British Columbia, have been butchered by the Indians.

The steamer *New England* struck on a rock near Eastport, Maine, July 23, and was totally wrecked. Her passengers and crew were all saved.

The Erie Railway shops in Jersey City were destroyed by fire on the night of July 24, involving a loss of more than a million dollars.

A letter from Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, thanking him for sending out the Stanley expedition, has been received and published in all the papers. The doctor gives a very interesting description of the water-sheds of Central Africa, and has a great deal to say about the manners and customs of the strange tribes of humanity among whom he wandered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT turns out upon investigation that the would-be assassins of the Spanish king are the same who killed General Prim. A large sum of money was found on one of the murderers, and this, with the antecedents of the men, would indicate that they are simply hired assassins.

The Geneva Tribunal on the *Alabama* claims continues its sessions, but the most inviolable secrecy prevails, and nothing is known of the proceedings. The business in hand is likely to occupy a period of three or four months.

President Thiers of the French republic has had another triumph in the National Assembly. The first chapter of the bill imposing a tax on raw materials of silk, cotton, flax, and hemp was adopted, July 23, by a vote of 317 to 233.

All the European powers have accepted the invitation of the French government to send representatives to a congress to be held in Paris for the consideration of the metrical system.

In the British House of Commons, July 23, Sir Robert Peel created a stir by asking Mr. Gladstone if the government intended to enforce the section of the Roman Catholic Relief act of 1829 which provides for the banishment of Jesuits from England. Mr. Gladstone replied that the matter would be seriously considered by the government.

The French coal miners are on a strike in the departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais. Troops sent to prevent disturbances were attacked by the strikers, many of whom were killed in turn by the soldiers.

Three more of the French Communists, convicted of taking part in the murder of the French hostages, were executed at Satory July 25. Two of them died shouting "Vive la Commune," but the third, in his dying moments, cursed the organization.

The French government has seized a quantity of arms and ammunition near the Spanish frontier, which, it is believed, were intended for the use of the enemies of King Amadeus.

Mr. Catacazy, formerly the Russian minister at Washington, has been dismissed from the diplomatic service for publishing a certain pamphlet against the will of the imperial government.

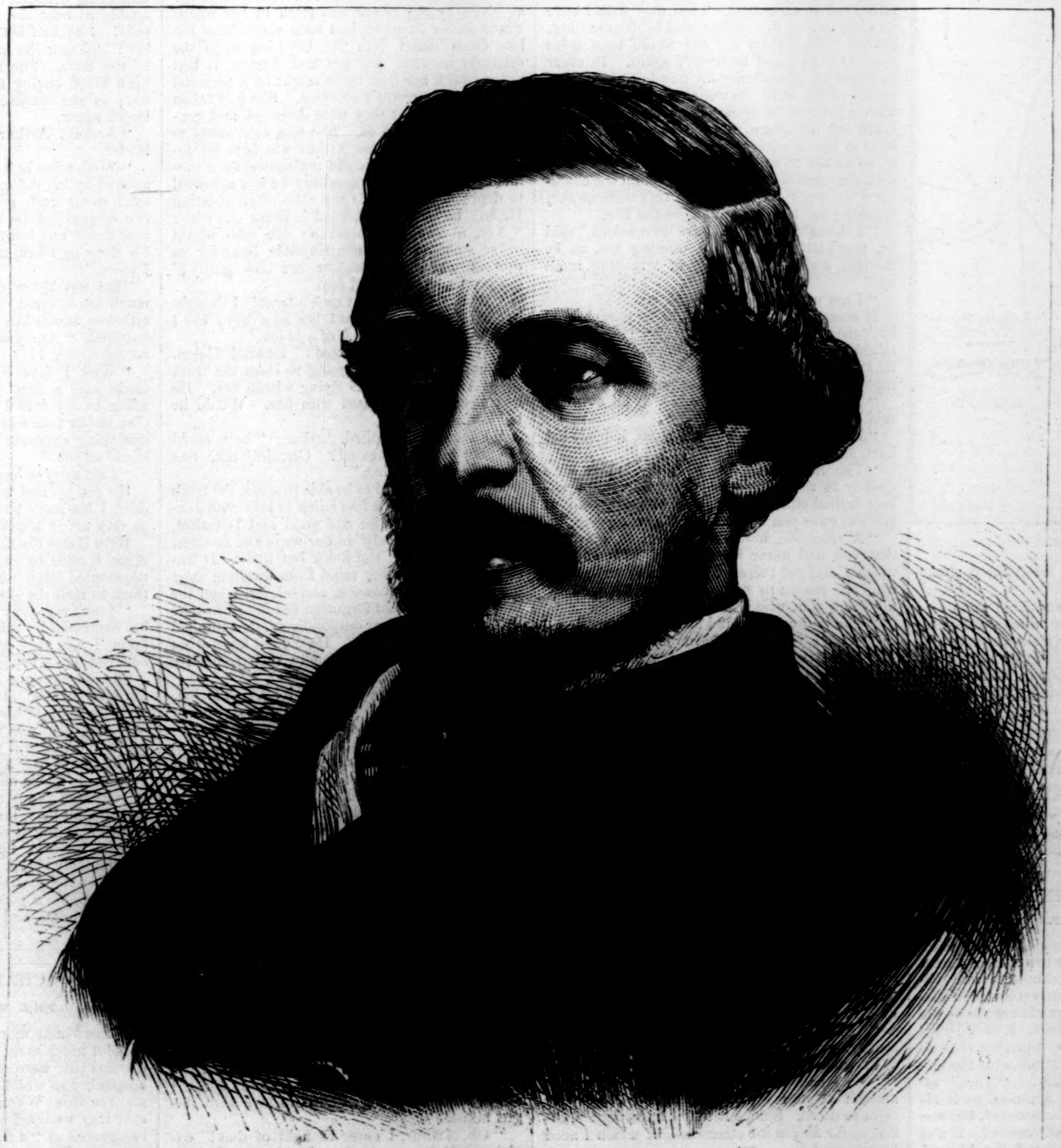
A NEGRO CAMP-MEETING IN THE SOUTH.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 623.]

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE Right Hon. FREDERICK TEMPLE BLACKWOOD, first Earl of Dufferin (and fifth Baron), K.C.B., etc., who has just been nominated as the successor of Lord LISGAR, was born in June, 1826. He was educated at Eton and at Christchurch, Oxford, but left the university without actually taking his Bachelor's degree. He succeeded to his father's honors, while still in his minority, in July, 1841. He was a Lord-in-Waiting on her Majesty under Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S first administration, and again in 1854–58.

In the month of February, 1855, he was specially attached to the mission undertaken by Lord JOHN RUSSELL to Vienna, and in 1860 he was sent by Lord PALMERSTON as British Commissioner to Syria, in order to carry out inquiries in relation to the massacre of Christians in the East, and for his services on that occasion was nominated on his return a K.C.B., Civil Division. He acted as Under-Secretary of State for India from 1864 to the early part of 1866, and as Under-Secretary for War from the latter date to the following June. On the advent of Mr. GLADSTONE to place in December, 1868, he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He was created an English Baron in 1850, nominated a Knight of St. Patrick in 1863, sworn a Privy Councilor in 1868, and has held the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county of Down since 1864. He was raised to the earldom in the autumn of last year.

His lordship is also known as an author. In 1846–47, at the time of the famine, he went from Oxford to Ireland to inquire into the state of things among the Irish peasantry, and on his return wrote an account of matters in that island, which caused no small stir in university circles and among other readers. In 1859 he made a yachting voyage to Iceland, a well-known narrative of which expedition he published in the following year under the title of "Letters from High Latitudes." He has also published other works in light literature; *inter alia*, a satire on high life in the nineteenth century, entitled "The Honorable Impulsia Gushington."



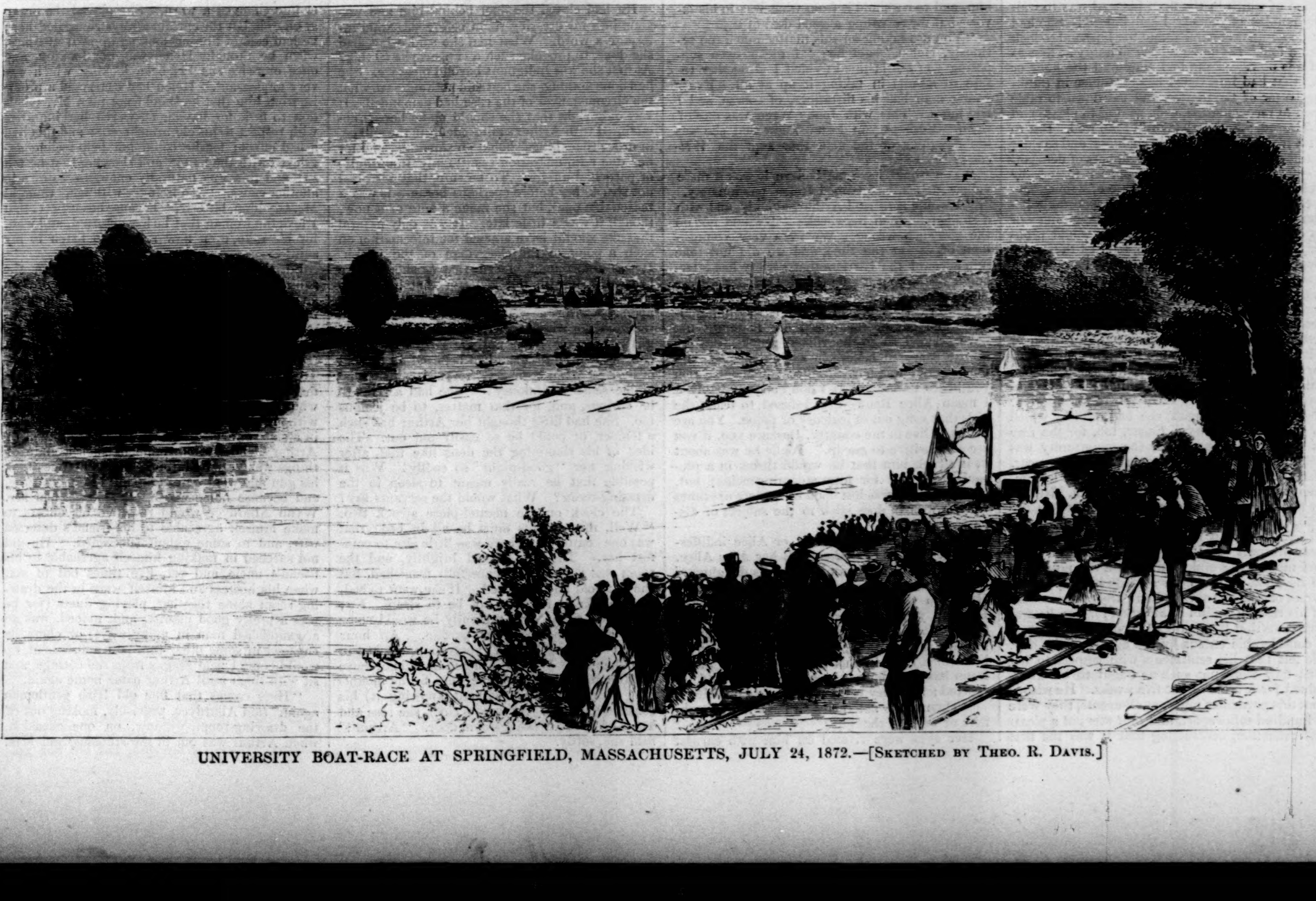
THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

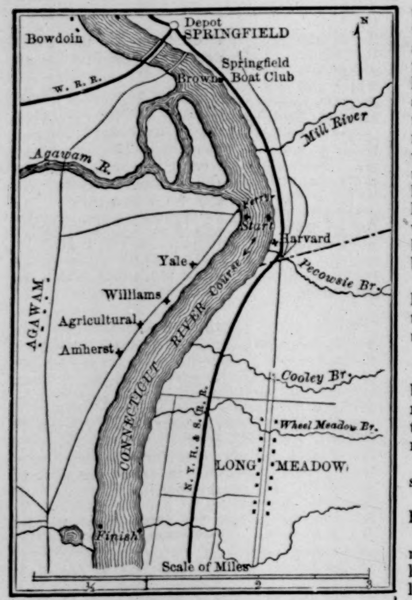
THE result of the college regatta which took place at Springfield, Massachusetts, on the 24th ult., was a surprising victory for the Amherst crew. The contestants numbered six crews, representatives of Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Amherst Agricultural, Williams, and Bowdoin. The course selected for the regatta, of which we give a map on the succeeding page, is probably the best in New England. Above and below Springfield the Connecticut River presents several opportunities for a straight-away race of three miles. A mile and a half below that city the river turns to the south around a beautiful promontory. Thence it sweeps along for three and a half miles to a sharp southeasterly turn toward Thompsonville. The committee fixed the starting-place of the present regatta just above the first turn.

The day was beautiful, and the regatta appears to have been contested with a spirit and pluck which did honor to all the crews. At the start, and, indeed, until the race was nearly two-thirds finished, the Harvard crew was the favorite, while the Amherst crew attracted no special attention. Nevertheless, Amherst won the day. The correspondent of the *World* thus describes the close of the race:

"Amherst—pulling with the steadiness of an engine piston just thirty-eight strokes per minute—led Harvard by two and a half lengths. The nerve and self-poise of NEGLEY, the Amherst stroke, were displayed to their utmost at this point and throughout the rest of the race. His movement was absolutely without flaw, and it acted like music on the rhythm of the whole Amherst stroke. His vigor and determination inspired every one in the boat; and even at this far-away stage of the game, when the third mile was well invaded, it seemed as if no more lithe and charming oarsmanship had ever been shown by a college six. If any thing could have surpassed it, it would have been the superb enginery of Harvard, now and henceforth exhibited in the effort to recover a lost leading position.... Bowdoin, pulling forty-two strokes a minute, was the third boat by scarcely three lengths. The Aggies [Amherst Agriculturals], who, next to Harvard, had been the favorites, were pressing Bowdoin, and Yale and Williams followed fast.... As they neared the line, and it was no longer in doubt that Amherst wouldn't give it up, a cry of mingled astonishment and admiration welled out over the stream. The crew that had been expected to gain the goal last passed it first. Harvard was second by only a length and a half, the Aggies third, Bowdoin fourth, Williams fifth, and Yale sixth. Amherst won in the unprecedented time of 16.32 4-5. Up went the oars, taking the sun and shedding diamond-drops down on the hot shoulders of the crews. Up went a cheer from the shores of the bonny blue river—a cheer with such hearty gratulation in it that it might have brought the goose-flesh of delight out on the shoulders and arms of boys a little less overblown than the merry victors of Amherst. Harvard—the proud but humbled Harvard—sought in its heart for grace, and 'Rah'd' with the best of them for Amherst. The joke on Harvard is not the mere defeat of the crew, for the crew did nobly from the start, but the fact that only a day or two ago one of the original members of the crew was deposed because, having formerly been an Amherst



UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 24, 1872.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



THE COURSE.

student, he had 'too much of the Amherst stroke about him.'"

The mistake of Harvard and Yale was over-confidence in a style of rowing which professional experience has conclusively shown to be defective; while Amherst, profiting by the advice and care of a first-class oarsman and trainer, has proved the wisdom of giving up pet but delusive theories.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

PATCHED UP.

THE drawing-room conversation that evening had been dull and forced, as the talk at dinner had also been. Both host and hostess were *distrait*. An opportunity had not yet arisen of discussing that momentous observation made by the representative of the infant school. It would have been better not to discuss it, perhaps, but Helen's conduct had rendered some allusion to the circumstance absolutely necessary. "Tact," of course, had been out of the question, as it always is when deep feelings are aroused, but she might have manifested more self-control. It was folly to have denied her husband the kiss of welcome he had offered her, and by accepting which she might have made one of reconciliation; worse than folly not even to have returned the significant pressure of his hand. For, after all, as he reasoned with himself (if the suggestions of wrath and pride could be called reasoning), what right had she to feel resentment against him for having fallen in love with another woman before he had ever set eyes on Miss Helen Somers? Did she imagine herself the Ideal for the manifestation of which in the flesh his soul was to wait any number of years? Ideal, indeed! She had made an idiot of herself, and her husband to look like a fool. He had not been so angry at first as he was now. If she had employed the hour or two that had intervened before dinner in thinking better of the matter, and sat down to table open to reconciliation, even willing to please and be pleased, all might have still been well. But to Arthur she had shown only coldness, and to their guests that exasperating cheerfulness of demeanor—forced, yet designed to appear forced—by which women exhibit their sense of wrong.

Such a state of things was insupportable beyond a few hours: a mutual understanding—or its contrary—was inevitable. She would probably introduce the subject so soon as they were alone, and then the thing would be got over somehow—it almost seemed to him that it didn't much matter how, so that they had it out. This would perhaps have been the case but for Helen's confidential talk with the rector, of which, of course, Arthur knew nothing. But as it was, she no longer felt that eager desire to know the rights of the matter as respected Miss Alice Renn which she had entertained at first. She could afford to wait to hear what her husband had to say for himself, and when he did speak, she had data by which to gauge his veracity. Eager, too, for the fray as Arthur had been while the opportunity was still afar off, his courage cooled as it drew near, just as a defier of ghosts grows less and less audacious as the shades of night draw in. He was by nature one of that considerable class of males who, though not disinclined for excitement elsewhere, like quiet in their own homes, and the near prospect of a "row" with Helen grew more and more distasteful to him. He was not afraid of her, but, as has been already hinted, he was afraid of himself: always distrustful of the amount of his reserve capital of affection for her, he was conscious that it had already been drawn upon to a considerable extent by the events of the day. He felt that his sentiments with respect to her just now were not such as ought to be entertained for a bride of but five weeks. He wished that this particular night, at all events, they were a hundred miles apart, and *that* was not a pleasant reflection, considering that it was the first they would pass in their new home. Perhaps she would feel fatigued with her journey, and be fast asleep before he retired. Then they would have no words about this matter, and in the morning, having "slept upon it," she would take more sensible views, and be herself again. In order to afford an opportunity for this desirable termination of the affair, he went on playing billiards with Allardyce for some time after his wife had taken her departure, and loitered away another hour in his dressing-room. Then, treading softly, so as not to wake her, and opening the door with the caution of a burglar, he found the chamber a blaze of light, and Helen very wide awake, brushing her long tresses before the fire.

"I thought you would have been asleep," said he, propitiatingly: he was offering her, as he thought, a third opportunity of "making it all up."

"I am not at all tired, thank you."

If ever a "thank you" might be paraphrased by "thank you for nothing," *that* "thank you" might have been. It curdled the milk of domestic kindness in Arthur's breast by what photographers call the instantaneous process.

"You are uncommonly cross, at all events," said he.

"I have reason to be—not cross, indeed, but hurt, annoyed, distressed."

"You have no reason whatever. You have nobody to thank but yourself for worrying a village school-child with foolish questions, till at last she gave you a still more foolish answer."

"A true one, however. You told me once that you had never been in love with another woman, and yet there is a girl in this very parish who has reason to suppose herself wronged by my being your wife."

"That is her affair and mine, not yours."

"What! yours, and not mine?"

She had risen from her chair and confronted him; her blue eyes lit with flame, her silken tresses flying loose about her shoulders—she had, perhaps, never looked so beautiful, but her beauty did not occur to him at all. "What a devil of a temper this woman has got!" was his reflection.

"Yes, it is her affair and mine, and not yours; I repeat it, Helen. I loved her before I saw you; I ceased to love her before I saw you; it is *she* that has the right to complain of me; not *you*. You have won me; she has lost me. What the deuce would you have?"

"You are speaking of love as though it were a stake at cards. You think more of cards than of it."

"Pardon me, madam." (His face had grown quite pale.) "I was speaking of the object of it, my humble self. As to cards (of which you so ungenerously speak), I gave up all thoughts of them, as you well know, when I married you—as of something else more worthy." Angry as he was, he felt he had said too much.

"You mean, of this same girl," answered she, swiftly. "And yet you tell me you had ceased to love her before you saw me."

"So I had. I am not going to be cross-examined about my past, madam. I deny your right to do so. Suffice it that I have done nothing, so far as *you* are concerned, of which I need be ashamed."

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," said Helen. The use of that conventional phrase, he rightly thought, was a good sign. When matters are really serious, it is only French people who jabber French. Was there not here some opportunity—slight, but still perhaps sufficient—for his making a clean breast of it? Not for telling the whole truth, indeed—for it would be madness to do so, since a woman in her condition of mind would be sure to give credit to all that told against him, and to withhold it from what was in his favor—but for revealing a good deal of it.

"You are taking up this matter much too seriously, Helen," said he; "I mean, even supposing you are justified (which I altogether refuse to admit) in taking it up at all. Every young man has his flirtations, of course, and I had mine. This with Jenny Wren was one of them. Perhaps you do not know that she was the daughter of the man that kept the *Welcome?*"

"You would have me believe it was a mere vulgar *liaison*," exclaimed Helen, passionately.

"I would *not*," said Arthur, quickly, and with a sudden flash in his cheek; "I would not do the girl such wrong. We were very young—both of us—at the time, and we did not take into account the barriers that society has interposed against such alliances. Undoubtedly we thought of marriage, but only as children think to be always lovers; in reality it was impracticable and out of the question. It might not have seemed so to the village people, who are always eager to believe in such romances, and that is doubtless how the idea got about which you heard to-day. But I don't believe Jenny—I mean Alice Renn—ever refused to teach the girls that song out of jealousy or pique. You are not fit to live in the country, I assure you, if you are so sensitive to gossip." While he was about it, it struck him that he would throw in a precautionary hint for future contingencies; but, unhappily, this was lost upon her; there *are* times when a woman does stick to the subject of discussion.

"You call this girl Jenny or Alice indifferently, it seems; but others call her *Miss* Alice. Why is that, if she is an innkeeper's daughter?"

"All these matters are relative, my dear. Here you yourself are a great lady, whereas in London you were nobody very particular." (There's one for the *Hops*, thought he, and he laughed in the sleeve of his dressing-gown to see her wince.) "In this little village old Jacob Renn has a certain position; he is rich and respected; and they call his daughter 'miss.'"

"Then she is not really 'a lady' in her manners or ways of thought?"

Her eyes were riveted on him with earnest steadiness, but he little knew with what interest she waited his reply. The description of Jenny as given by the rector was fresh in her mind. Fixed as her thoughts had been throughout the late conversation with Mr. Glyddon upon the relations between this girl and Arthur, it had never struck her that there might be a personal reason for the rector's eulogies. She had taken it for granted that they were deserved, and generally known to be so. She was now about to learn by proof whether Arthur was bent on deceiving her or not. He did not answer for a moment; his mind was wavering; he was ashamed to depreciate Jenny for the sake of propitiating Helen; he was half inclined to break out with: "Yes, a true gentlewoman; one who would never stoop to such contemptible behavior as that of which *you*, madam, are now guilty;" but prudence restrained him.

"Well, 'a lady' is so vague a term! I thought her a lady when I wooed her as a boy; but I dare say I was not much of a judge."

"Was she well educated?" faltered Helen. The hope that she was going to learn the truth from Arthur's lips was dying within her. He had already equivocated with her. Would he tell her a lie?

"Educated?" replied Arthur; "how could the poor girl be educated? Certainly not. She knew next to nothing."

He was quite glad to be able to speak the truth this time. When he had fallen in love with Jenny she had been wise and good and beautiful, and certainly "a lady" in her ways and manner, but of mere books she knew but little. It was in order to divert her mind from dwelling upon her lover in his absence, and—later, when the thought that he had forgotten her began to take hold of it—to prevent despondency, that she had given herself up to study. He did not know what the rector knew, and, unhappily, their respective statements were incompatible.

"That is false, and you know it!" cried Helen.

"*What* is false?" ("This infernal woman will drive me mad," thought Arthur.)

"All you have been telling me from first to last," replied she, furiously. "You loved this girl when you asked me to marry you, and you love her still! I heard all about her this very evening from Mr. Glyddon."

Priests may keep *their* share of the burden of secrecy, but what is the use when the other bearer of it is an angry woman? It is like a conscientious player at seesaw, who continues to sit on his end of the plank while the other is empty and in the air.

"Oh, Glyddon told you, did he? Then I suppose you asked him?"

"Certainly I did."

"And that is your notion of a wife's duty, is it? To ask a priest to tell you lies against your husband, and then to believe them! I thought that all these High-Church crotchets of yours were harmless follies; but it seems they are much worse. That the parson has made a fool of you is only what was to have been expected, for, if I am not much mistaken, he is in love with this girl himself."

"Oh, Arthur, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Helen, terrified at her husband's tone, which was harsh and grating; different altogether from what she had ever heard it; nor, indeed, had either man or woman heard him speak so before.

"I can believe you there," continued he, bitterly. "You thought of nothing but the gratification of a mean curiosity; you wished to pander to a miserable sense of jealousy, for which your conscience told you you had no excuse. Madam, I wish you good-night."

He had closed the door behind him and was gone into his dressing-room before she could interpose a word. What had she said, what had she done, to provoke such a catastrophe as this? At first she was indignant beyond measure. She had done nothing, she had said nothing, save what the circumstances of the case had demanded. It was only right that she should make herself acquainted with Arthur's antecedents in the village, in order that things should go smoothly, and for her due administration (as "Lady Bountiful") of parochial affairs. To be sure, that idea had not struck her before (perhaps because it was a reasonable one), but she made a note of it now, though it was a little late. It was only natural that she should have applied for information on such a point to the clergyman of the parish. It was unfortunate, indeed, that *he* should have been in love with this girl (for that he *was* so seemed likely enough, now she came to reflect upon his manner as well as words, and how he had resented the suggestion that had impugned the girl's character); but not knowing that, it of course followed that she had believed all he said of her. "Mean curiosity," forsooth, and "miserable sense of jealousy!" She had a right to be curious, and, for that matter, to be jealous too. She had little thought her Arthur had such a temper, or could be so easily put out. The idea of his slamming the door like that, after wishing her "good-night" so coolly! Was it possible that he really meant to sleep in the dressing-room? What would the servants say?

The clock on the mantel-piece struck two. "Well, the servants must be all in bed; that was one comfort." There was little else to comfort her. The fire burned brightly, and the room was well lit and cheerfully furnished, but she felt cold and wretched. If she went to bed, she well knew it would not be to sleep. No; she would sit up, and presently he would come back again and beg her pardon. An hour passed—the first half in expectation, the last in apprehension. When the mountain did not move at Mohammed's bidding, he went to the mountain; Helen followed (without knowing it) his sensible example. At three o'clock she rose and knocked at the dressing-room door. "Arthur!" said she, softly.

No answer. Great Heaven! had he done something dreadful?—cut his throat, perhaps—unable to bear the recollection of her unkindness! She *had* been hard upon him, poor fellow; and now she might have cause to repent it all her days. She almost expected to see his life's blood oozing under the door; but it was not; so she ventured, with trembling hand, to knock again.

"Arthur! Arthur dear!" cried she, a little louder.

"Well, what is it? Come in." She was reassured by his voice, which, though a little gruff (and, to say truth, grumpy), did not give any sign of a severed jugular vein. She opened the door, and found him lying outside the little couch in his dressing-room, and reading the "Pickwick Papers."

That was better than suicide, but rather too much (so to speak) in the other direction. Nevertheless, it was in a very plaintive voice that she inquired, "Are you not coming to your own room, Arthur?"

"Well, I have been driven out of it. You made such a dam"—(my belief is that he was going to say "fool of yourself," but there was that in her face which softened him)—"such a damaging exposure of temper that I am quite afraid of you."

"I am sorry to have made you angry, Arthur."

He got up and took her hand. "Nay, my dear, I am sorry too to have made *you* angry—so very angry about nothing at all."

Here Helen distilled a tear or two, not of penitence, it must be owned, only a few drops of that unpatented elixir which women always keep by them to melt the stony hearts of men.

"Don't cry, pray don't, my darling," pleaded he, overcome by this unexpected weapon. "I know I was very cross to you; I am afraid I behaved like a brute."

She did not deny it, but put up her fair cheek for him to kiss. It was a little damp, but he was very glad to kiss it.

"And you won't be jealous about nothing again, darling, will you?"

She answered "No," of course; but he, on his part, made up his mind to be even more cautious as respected Jenny than he had intended to be; and she, on hers, made up her mind to look after this "young person," who had thus already "come between" her Arthur and herself, most uncommonly sharp.

And so the quarrel was made up for that time; but it was not a good beginning of their domestic life at home, and ominous of ill for its future.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WATCH-DOG.

WEEKS and months went by at Swansdale without much event to mark them. The newly married pair were received with all the gracious hospitality to which Helen had looked forward, and the Hon. Wynn Allardyce was asked wherever they were asked. His position began to be recognized as "a friend of the family," or rather, as the French say, "of the house." For he staid within-doors a good deal. He did not care for field sports; and when Arthur went with the hounds or out shooting, he, as often as not, staid at home with Helen. Arthur did not mind this at all, for he had no wish for Lardy's company. Yet somebody he had always with him. He had formed a steady resolution not to give himself an opportunity of meeting Jenny alone. He had met her when walking with his wife and Allardyce, and bowed to her; but they had never interchanged a word. She played the organ at church, but the curtain always concealed her; he had caught himself looking up at it at times, when he thought Helen was not looking, and once or twice she *had* been looking, which was very unpleasant. Helen had extracted a promise from him that he should not take Mr. Glyddon to task for having answered her inquiries with respect to his old attachment; and this had a bad effect; for he could not help feeling aggrieved with the rector, and showing that he felt so; and this was naturally enough set down to another cause. "He is angry with me," thought Mr. Glyddon, bitterly, "because he suspects that I love the woman that he has deserted, and who, for his sake, even now refuses to listen to my suit."

So, though there was no open rupture, the squire and the parson of Swansdale were not on good terms with one another; and the supposed reason why got, in course of time, to be whispered in the village, and at last reached Helen's ears. She did not speak of it to Arthur, but it rankled in her mind and made her cold to him. To some husbands this would not have much mattered. There are many respectable couples who live together amicably enough, not only without any demonstrativeness of affection, but in a state of armed neutrality; but to a man of Arthur Tyndall's temperament such a state of things was very irritating. He sometimes took his gun and went out, not to kill birds, but time, and because home was intolerable. Then Mr. Wynn Allardyce would redouble his efforts to make himself agreeable to his friend's deserted wife, and to some extent succeeded. He did not succeed in making himself agreeable to his friend's uncle, and yet, five times out of six, when his hostess and himself were in the drawing-room alone together, playing duets (for he was a pretty good pianist, and, indeed, was an accomplished man in many ways) or chess, or engaged in some other innocent amusement, up would come Uncle Magus from the cottage, and sit with them until Arthur came home again.

"Here comes that fine old Irish gentleman again," said Allardyce, peevishly, looking out of the drawing-room window, on one occasion, when Arthur was out in the stubbles, and Mrs.

Tyndall and himself were playing at backgammon.

"Poor Uncle Magus! I dare say he feels dull all alone in his damp little bower," said Helen, pitifully. She had taken to the old man ever since she had learned that he had picked a quarrel with Mr. Paul Jones on her account. "It is a pleasant change for him to come up here, no doubt; and I do believe he is very fond of me."

"I don't think that is to his credit," said Allardyce.

"Well, upon my word, that is a very civil speech, Sir;" and she tapped him sharply on the fingers with the caster; there was only one caster, the other having been lost, so they had to pass it over to one another in turn. If Allardyce's fingers met her own by accident sometimes when this interchange took place, he did not now apologize for it, as he used to do at first.

"I mean to say he could not help being fond of you, and therefore deserves no commendation," explained Allardyce; he was looking fixedly at the board, as though in contemplation of his "move," and did not dare to raise his eyes from it, yet he would have given much to know if she were blushing.

"I wish that were the case," said she, with no blush, but with a little sigh; "I mean that every body was fond of me."

"Well, you don't expect the women to be so," laughed Allardyce; "that would be too much. We are told to love our enemies, but even the Scripture does not demand of us to love our rivals and our conquerors. I was reading a French novel the other day—a very correct one, however, I beg to say—in which the heroine is described as charming all mankind save one, which, says the author, naturally involved her having all the women against her."

"And who was the hard-hearted exception among the gentlemen?"

"It was her husband." He shook the caster, again keeping his eyes upon the board. "*Quatre, cinq!*" cried he. "I've hit your blot at last. But here is your uncle.—Mr. Magus, you are just in time to save Mrs. Tyndall from utter rout." For she had risen abruptly from the table, and evidently meant to play no more. There had been a certain sympathetic tone in those words, "It was her husband," which she could not miss; it had startled her, and yet she was not altogether angry with him for sympathizing with her. It was not to be expected that Arthur's treatment of her (that was the way she looked at it, never from *his* point of view) should pass unnoticed; and, doubtless, Mr. Allardyce, as a friend and a man of refined nature, pitied and felt for her. Why should he not? She could not tell; and yet she was—not annoyed exactly, but—well, his doing so, or, at all events, his letting her know that he did so, had given her an uncomfortable feeling. She felt glad, as she had not felt before, that Uncle Magus had come in and spoiled their *tête-à-tête*. Mr. Allardyce, on the contrary, was more put out by his arrival than usual, and after a few commonplaces left the room. Alone with Uncle Magus, she seemed somehow to breathe more freely; and yet she had a vague sense of oppression still, for which she could not account.

"It does not rain now, uncle. Suppose we take a walk in the garden."

"We two?" said he, in well-pleased, yet half-incredulous, tones. "By all means, my dear. That is," he added, "if you think it quite prudent."

She had been ailing lately; the situation of Swansdale *was* damp; and she had constant colds.

The old man's solicitude, which the intonation of his voice expressed even more than his words, touched her.

"Oh, it won't hurt *me*, uncle," said she; "and I *should* so like it. I shall not be a minute putting on my bonnet and shawl."

"Mind you wrap up well, dear. I shall never be forgiven, you know, by somebody, if I cause you to catch cold."

He was very tender to her, this ancient fire-eater, but also so loyal to Arthur that he would never omit saying a good word for him. Well, that showed he felt the necessity for defending him, and was, in fact, a sort of confession of her husband's ill conduct toward her. Still, she would not let his words pass by without comment.

"I do not know who the 'somebody' is, Uncle Magus. I don't know any body who would be more sorry, or perhaps *so* sorry, as yourself, if I took harm."

"Quite right, dear, quite right. It was your husband I was thinking of; but it is no wonder that you mistook me; it was foolish to speak of him in that way, because he is your very self. You and he are one, of course. Wrap up warm, my dear, wrap up warm."

Was this mere kindly simplicity in the old man, or was he determined not to see her meaning? She did not pursue the subject, but went to her room and dressed. As she came down stairs she heard some one cough above her, and looking up, saw Mr. Allardyce leaning over the balusters.

"You are going on duty?" said he, softly, and with a little laugh.

"Uncle Magus has asked me to have a little walk with him in the garden."

"How I envy you!" answered he.

"Then won't you come with us?"

"No, thank you. *Au revoir.*" He put his fingers to his lips, and went back, with his usual almost noiseless tread, into the smoking-room to his beloved cigarettes.

Again that feeling of oppression came over her, and she stopped at the drawing-room door, with her hand upon her heart. Why had she told him that Uncle Magus had asked her to walk with him, when the exact contrary had been the case? Had she been afraid to vex him by saying that she had proposed it herself? She dismissed these questions as soon as asked, for they made her tremble. What she did reflect upon was, how very rude of him it had been to say, "How I envy you," since it presupposed that they two held in common a contempt for the old man, who, whatever his faults, had always shown himself her friend—of late her only friend. Again, if it was not a downright rudeness in him to kiss his fingers to her, it was certainly an unwarrantable liberty. In his very *Au revoir*, too—innocent as the phrase was—there had surely been an unpleasant significance. For the future she would keep this agreeable gentleman at a distance.

Uncle Magus was not a great conversationalist at any time, but to-day he was more silent than ever. They walked on the terrace and underneath the box-tree wall, and nothing was to be heard but the craunch of their feet in the wet gravel; and yet the old man, who had her arm in his, kept pressing it and patting it, as though, since words had failed him, he would thereby express his solicitude and affection for her. Presently they heard the report of a fowling-piece—a damp thud in the misty air, which the chalk-pit echoed dully.

"That is Arthur's gun," said Uncle Magus. "He is firing it off just before coming in."

The old man's voice had an air of gladness, as it seemed to Helen, which jarred upon her. Why should *he* feel pleasure to know that her husband was coming home, when she felt none? or pleasure that was so mixed with wrath that it was next to none. In reality, if she could have read her companion's mind, it was not so much gladdened as relieved by the fact in question. He felt as the faithful watch-dog feels who has been on guard over the flock all day, and at last sees the shepherd coming.

"Do you know Arthur's gun by the mere report of it, Uncle Magus?"

"Yes, my dear. Just as old Giles knows what tree he is near at night by the sound that the wind makes in its branches. Have you never seen my guns? Well, a shower is coming on, and my cottage is nearer than the Hall; so come in and see them. You shall be back home again in time to meet Arthur."

"I dare say he will survive it even if I am not," said she.

The old man stopped, and looked at her fixedly, then shook his gray head, and walked on. He had evidently something to say to her, but mistrusted his own powers of expression. "I would speak," said his look; "but I am but a blunt speaker, and I might make things worse than they are."

A NEGRO CAMP-MEETING IN THE SOUTH.

AMERICAN life, usually so devoid of the picturesque, offers in the camp-meeting, or Southern "shout," some food for the imagination. The negro mind has an insatiable craving for excitement, which finds its gratification chiefly in the varied scenes of the camping ground. Here, under the shadow of the mighty forest trees, singing sweet, weird melodies, and in the wild exaltation of religious devotion, the poor creature finds some compensation for the bitter, thankless toil of daily life. Nor is it surprising that these feelings, driven into this single channel, should overleap all bounds, and find expression in strange and extraordinary modes. To a calm observer it seems very like desecration, but at the bottom there is doubtless true devotion; it is the answer to nature's demand for something higher, the satisfying of those deeper feelings which are native to every human soul.

We have here in our illustration on page 620 the mingling of these two elements. See that gray-haired old negro shouting with such evident sincerity; he is certainly no pretender, his religion is real to him. He doubtless sees the golden streets, and feels in imagination the joy that awaits his toil-worn frame. But the pickaninny, solemnly munching her bit of corn-bread, is evidently "taking notes" for future use. She watches with a knowing air the coquettish damsel who is "posing" with natural grace, and doing her religion most becomingly. The small pupil will be able to do the same thing when she gets big enough, for the negroes are apt scholars.

The scene portrayed in our illustration is one of these characteristic gatherings. The negroes have come from all parts of the adjacent country, some, doubtless, walking twenty or thirty miles in their eagerness to join the worshipers. They rarely wear their good clothes at these times, but don their commonest work-day attire, for, as one of them explained to me, "Soon's Lucy begins to shout I jes pulls off her bunnit, and takes off her cuffs and collar and all her nice things; for when she gits goin' she jes t'ars every thin' right off her!"

It is not many months since the writer attended a camp-meeting in one of our Southern States, and a description of it may interest the readers of the *Weekly*. I had been spending a few weeks, together with another lady friend, in the little village of M——, which lies in a spur of the Alleghany Mountains. Our landlord, a staid, hospitable man of the small-farmer stamp, invited us one pleasant Sunday morning to accompany him to the meeting. We gladly accepted his invitation, and seating ourselves in the roomy, stout-built wagon, drawn by two lively little mules, we drove off. The way led for the most part through the mountains. Magnificent tulip-trees, with other varieties, waved over our head, and the pretty sprays of sauer-wood blossoms drooped gracefully among the shining leaves, while the dark, rich foliage of the calico plant gave an almost tropical aspect to the scene. Far away in the dim distance we could see the grand old mountains of the distant ranges.

Our host left us, and we found seats under an old pine-tree. Then from the distance welled up, in low and solemn tones at first, then swelling to a mighty chorus, the wild, sweet notes of the "Trumpet Call" and "Passing over Jordan." From all sides the refrain was caught up and echoed back till the old woods rang again. The tunes they sang that day were seldom the gay, rollicking ones we had expected to hear, but were melancholy, dirge-like airs, born of a race that had come through "great tribulation."

The meeting opened quietly, but soon the negroes began to get excited. Their shouts could be heard for miles, and the excitable Lucy, having exhausted herself with leaping, shouting, and singing, was at last seen completely used up and done for, being jumped up and down by two stout men.

"Hyar you, Car'line!" shouts some one from a distant corner. "Git up, dar; you're sittin' on your best bunnit!"

"I don't car'," cries Caroline back, defiantly. "I'm bound to git religion to-day, if I spiles every thing I's got on. Glory hallelujah!"

Suddenly, while we were all in the full tide of devotion, our landlord reappeared, running swiftly toward us. Without uttering a word of explanation, but simply exclaiming, "Run! run!" he seized us each by an arm, and lifting us from our seats, forced us into a run with him. Our sole idea was that our respected host had become suddenly insane, and our only course seemed to be to humor him in his designs, whatever they were. So on we dashed as fast as our feet could carry us, over hillocks and stones, grazing past big rocks, and through reeds and over roots. My companion was large and fat, but very plucky; I was small and swift. How our host kept us so well in hand and up to time I could never explain. At length, when we were dead beat, and could go no farther, we were gladdened by the sight of the mules and wagon. Our host let go his hold, and we sank exhausted on the ground. As soon as I could get breath I said to him, "Please explain all this." We then learned that while we were listening to the services a party of roughs had come from town with the intention of breaking up the meeting. They had attacked the negroes indiscriminately, and the fight rapidly became general. Four men had already been killed when our host came to our rescue. But for his presence of mind, we, confiding strangers, would in a few moments have been in the midst of a bloody fight.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. FRANKLAND, in his anniversary address as president of the Chemical Society of London, delivered in March last, renews the expression of his regret at the apparent decline of chemical science in Great Britain. He states that while the number of fellows of the society has increased from 208 in 1848 to 624 in 1872, the number of researches communicated to this society has undergone a marked diminution. The aggregate number laid before the society in five years, ending March, 1852, amounted to 190; while in the five years ending March, 1872, with a much larger number of members, there were only 168. This lack of progress Dr. FRANKLAND can not attribute to the increasing difficulty of chemical research, since the progress of original investigation elsewhere exhibits extraordinary activity. Thus the German Chemical Society, numbering 463 members in 1870, received 235 papers; and in 1871, with 528 members, received the result of 238 original investigations.

The main cause of this difference Dr. FRANKLAND considers to be the non-recognition of experimental research by the universities, and the fact that the highest degrees, and even honors, in experimental science are bestowed without any proof being required that the candidate possesses the capacity to conduct an original experimental investigation, or that he is competent to extend the bounds of his science. On the other hand, in the best German universities no candidate for a scientific degree is even admitted to an examination unless he has first submitted a memoir or dissertation on some original experimental investigation conducted by himself, the investigation to furnish results of interest and importance.

The report of an ascent of Mount Seward, one of the Adirondack chain, and the barometric determination of its height, has recently been published by Mr. VERPLANK COLVIN, in the twenty-fourth annual report of the New York State Museum of Natural History. The report of Professor EMMONS, of the Geological Survey of the State, made many years ago, estimates its height at 5100 feet above the tide; but as this was entirely conjectural, it was considered desirable to have the question decided by careful observations. The peak in question is on the most southern boundary of Franklin County, about latitude 44° 10' and longitude 74°. It is in the neighborhood of Mount Marcy, the height of which has been determined at 5467 feet, and which is the crowning peak of the Adirondack series.

The ascent took place in October, 1870, and after various adventures the top was reached. The observations made with the barometer were carefully discussed by Professor HOUGH, of the Dudley Observatory, who found the height above the tide-water to be 4462 feet; this being considerably less than the original estimate. Mr. COLVIN closes his report by some timely remarks upon the importance of preventing the farther destruction of the forests of the Adirondack wilderness. He calls to mind the fact that, year by year, the water supply of the principal rivers of New York, and her canals, experiences notable diminution, and sees in this the result of the clearing of the slopes of the high mountains of Central New York, and looks forward to the time when, if this action is not checked, the Hudson will cease to be navigable more than half-way to Albany, and other streams will suffer in proportion.

To any one who has been in the Adirondack wilderness the reasoning of Mr. COLVIN is perfectly intelligible, as its whole hill-surface is seen to be an enormous sponge, the moss being in some places several feet in depth, which, protected by the forest vegetation above it, holds the water as it falls in the wet season, and gives it out gradually and equally in the dry. With the removal of the trees, this moss dries up and disappears, leaving nothing but the bare rock which lies immediately subjacent; and in this case the falling rains would run off with great rapidity, forming tremendous torrents, producing devastation in their course, and leaving little or no water in the affluents of the great rivers. This condition of things, which is inevitable should the denudation of the surface continue, would probably be accompanied by a great alteration in the climatological peculiarities of New York and New England, such as hotter summers, colder winters, and a much less amount of rain throughout the summer season, involving droughts and their attendant evil consequences.

MR. CHARLES GRAD, a well-known scientific writer, an Alsacian by birth, but a resident of Paris, has lately visited Algeria for the purpose of deciding upon its availability for colonization on the part of such of his compatriots as prefer to live under French rule abroad to remaining in their own country under German dominion. In addition to the special objects of his mission, he has been devoting much of his time to the determination of various scientific questions. He has published papers upon the magnetic declination of Algeria, and has also been inquiring into the glacial phenomena of the mountains of Northern Africa. Among other observations he discovered the existence of enormous moraines on the slopes of the mountains turning toward Sahara. He also expected to find traces of old glaciers in Djurdjura and the mountains of the great Kabylia. From daily observations in regard to the sea temperature at La Calle, Algiers, and Oran, and during a journey along the Algerian coast in December, he found the temperature on the high seas during that month to be from 56° to 59° F.

Nature quotes from the Natal *Colonist* the following account by Mr. COBBIN, of Durban, of a "sea-serpent" seen by him, which we give for what it is worth: "During my late passage from London I saw no less than three sea-serpents, but an account of the last will suffice. On the 30th of December last, on board the *Silvery Wave*, in latitude about 35° 0' S., and longitude 33° 30' E., at 6.20 P.M., solar time, an enormous serpent passing nearly across our bows compelled the alteration of our course. He was at least one thousand yards long, of which about one-third appeared on the surface of the water at every stroke of his enormous fan-shaped tail, with which he propelled himself, raising it high above the waves, and arching his back like a land-snake or a caterpillar. In shape and proportion he much resembled the cobra, being marked by the same knotty and swollen protuberance at the back of the head on the neck. The latter was the thickest part of the serpent. His head was like a bull's in shape, his eyes large and glowing, his ears had circular tips and were level with his eyes, and his head was surmounted by a horny crest, which he erected and depressed at pleasure. He swam with great rapidity, and lashed the sea into a foam, like breakers dashing over jagged rocks. The sun shone brightly upon him, and with a good glass I saw his overlapping scales open and shut with every arch of his sinuous back, colored like the rainbow."

The steamer from Aspinwall which reached New York on the 2d of July announced the departure from Callao of the *Hassler*, with Professor AGASSIZ and his party, on the 1st of June, bound for the North. They expected to make a stop at Arica, on the coast of Peru, a well-known burial-place of the ancient Peruvians, where the professor hoped to secure a large number of ancient Peruvian crania.

International industrial exhibitions are prominent among the many new institutions marking the onward progress of civilization. They promote industry, peace, and prosperity among nations, and are rapidly increasing in frequency and popular appreciation, as shown by the following figures:

Date.	Locality.	Area of Buildings.		No. of Visitors.
		Square Meters.	Acres.	
1851	London	92,663	20	6,039,195
1862	London	113,287	28	6,211,103
1855	Paris	120,822	30	5,162,330
1867	Paris	158,742	39.2	10,000,000
1873	Vienna will be.	103,000	25	
1876	Philadelphia "	202,340	50	

The area given for the Paris Exposition of 1867 is that of the main building only. There were many outside constructions of which we give no account. The total area devoted to the exhibition was a little over 171 acres. The total area given up to the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 is greater than this; and for the Centennial International Exhibition of 1876, at Philadelphia, from 250 to 500 acres of Fairmount Park will be assigned.

The Zoological Society of London continues in the prosperous condition to which we have had occasion to advert in previous years. The report of its anniversary meeting on the 29th of April announces an income in the year 1871 of about $123,000, exceeding that of the preceding year by nearly $7000. Of the sum mentioned $66,000 was for single admissions to the garden. Including season tickets, the yield to the society by their gardens may be estimated at fully $100,000, the remainder being the result of the subscriptions of members, the sale of publications, etc.

The secretary announces the appointment as prosector of Mr. ALFRED HENRY GARROD, who succeeded Mr. JAMES MURIE. The duties of this officer are to make anatomical and other examinations of the animals dying in the society's gardens; and should the new incumbent be as industrious in this respect as Mr. MURIE, his labors will doubtless be equally well appreciated. The total number of visitors to the gardens in 1871 amounted to 595,917, being nearly 23,000 more than in 1870, and more than in any previous year excepting in the Exhibition years of 1851 and 1862. The greatest number of admissions in any one day was on the 29th of May, Whit-Monday, amounting to 31,400.

The number of vertebrate animals, mammals, birds, and reptiles, in the society's gardens in 1871 was 2072.

THE CAT'S-PAW.—ANY THING TO GET CHESTNUTS.

BLUE-FISHING.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 628.]

"A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION."—[See Page 626.]

"A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION."

The engraving with the foregoing title, given on page 625, is from a painting by a very clever Belgian artist, Theodore Gerard, who was born at Ghent in 1829, where for several years he successfully pursued his studies in the schools of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. Till the age of twenty-nine he practiced as a decorative painter in Ghent, and afterward adopted Brussels as his residence, and commenced painting subjects of *genre*. His first picture of this class was sold immediately, and the encouragement thus afforded stimulated him to increased efforts, so that he soon became favorably known among the picture collectors of his own country, in Germany, in America, and in England.

There is very pretty fancy in this composition. The young members of a Belgian rustic family appear to have been spending the day with their mother in the fields and among the hedge-rows, and are now returning home with the spoils they have gathered in their rambles packed in one of the well-known dog-carts of the country. The "procession" is heralded by a boy, who announces its approach by blowing a horn trumpet: the youngest child occupies the state chariot in a most undignified infantile position, as it tries to evade the attempt of an elder sister to place a coronal of flowers on its head, the mother looking on with an expression of countenance half grave and half amused. And lastly, there is a small spaniel, which seems desirous to take part in the frolic of the children, and is doubtless joining his own musical powers as an accompaniment to those of the young trumpeter.

(Continued from No. 813, page 587.)

COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"Name her not now, Sir; she's a deadly theme."

For the first fortnight of his sojourn at Trewardell, Colonel Benyon's Cornish experiences were altogether agreeable. The weather was brilliant, and in a county much given to moisture he was not inconvenienced by a single shower. There was plenty for him to see within a day's ride: here a ruined castle, there a nobleman's seat renowned among the show places of the west; and during those first two weeks the Colonel spent the greater part of every day in the saddle; or on foot, tramping over sunburned hills high above a broad sweep of sea, while his horse rested at some solitary rustic inn. He was somewhat inclined to forget how short a time had gone by since he was lying in his Indian bungalow, well-nigh given over by the regimental doctors. Perhaps in that first fortnight of genuine enjoyment he sowed the seeds of a mischief which was to overtake him by-and-by. The third week brought him into September, and he had a good time of it among the partridges, with Andrew Johns for his guide and counselor. For three consecutive mornings the two men set out at daybreak, when the dew was heavy upon the ground, and tramped over miles of stubble and turnip field before breakfast. On the fourth day the Colonel suddenly knocked under, and told Mr. Johns that he had had enough, just for the present. Partridge-shooting was all very well in its way; but there were shooting pains in the Colonel's limbs, and a dull, perpetual aching in the Colonel's shoulders, which a man of forty rarely cares to cultivate. There was a drizzling rain, too, upon that fourth day of September; and Colonel Benyon was very glad to find a blazing fire in the bright-looking drawing-room, wherein he had a knack of painting imaginary scenes—scenes out of that tragical drama of which Flora Hammersley had been the heroine.

In his enforced idleness to-day the thought of his friend's sorrow and this woman's sin haunted him more vividly than ever. That young soldier lying dead in the chill autumn sunrise on the sands near Blankenburg, slain by a hand that had never before been lifted to do a cruel thing—the hand of a generous, single-minded man. As to the fact of Fred Hammersley's share in this transaction Colonel Benyon felt no doubt. His friend had killed the seducer. It was the thing he would have done himself, unhesitatingly, under like circumstances. He walked up and down the room. He had read yesterday's *Times* and *Globe*, *Standard* and *Telegraph*, and there was no more mental pabulum for him till a post came in—per special messenger on pony from the nearest post town—at five o'clock P.M. At another time Mr. Hammersley's splendid library might have afforded him ample entertainment; but to-day he was in no humor for books: he had opened half a dozen or so, and, after skimming a page or two absently, had put each volume back on its particular shelf. He could not fasten his mind upon any subject.

The rain came down in a monotonous, hopeless way; even the standard roses on the lawn outside had a dreary look. The Colonel longed, like Horace Walpole, to bring them in-doors and put them by the fire. Sometimes Colonel Benyon stood staring out at the deluged garden; sometimes he threw himself into a low arm-chair by the fire, and amused himself by a savage demolition of the coals; anon he paced the room again, pausing now and then, in an idle way, to examine some one of those womanly trifles whose presence reminded him of the lost mistress of Trewardell.

The day seemed interminable. He was glad when it grew dark; still more glad of the slight distraction afforded by his seven-o'clock dinner, though he had no appetite—an utter distaste for food, indeed—and a burning thirst.

"I feel very much as I used to feel at the beginning of my fever," he said to himself, a little alarmed by these symptoms and by the heaviness and aching of his limbs. "God forbid that I should have another spell of it!"

Andrew Johns had gone to the market-town on business connected with the victualing of the small household; and Mrs. Johns had put on a black silk gown and her best cap to wait upon the Colonel, not caring to trust that delicate office to the fat-faced rustic handmaiden.

"The girls we get hereabouts are so rough," she said; "and this one has never been used to much out of the dairy. We had a houseful of servants when Mr. Hammersley lived here; but since he's gone abroad there's been scarcely enough work for me and a girl."

The dame gave a profound sigh. Colonel Benyon perceived that she was garrulously given, and perceived that if he had a mind to hear about his friend's history in this house, it would not require any great effort to set Mrs. Johns discoursing thereupon.

"Do try one of those red mullet, Sir; I dressed them with my own hands. It's a sauce that Mr. Hammersley was fond of—poor dear gentleman!"

Here came another profound sigh; and the dame lingered, trifling absently with the arrangements of the sideboard, as if willing to be questioned.

"You seem to have been very fond of your master," said the Colonel.

"We shouldn't be much account if we weren't fond of him," replied Mrs. Johns. "He was as good a master as ever lived. We'd known him from a boy, too. He used to come down to Penrose Abbey for his holidays in the old Squire's time—Mr. Penrose; you've heard tell of him, I dare say, Sir. Andrew and me were butler and cook at Penrose for twenty years. Mr. Hammersley was only a distant relation to the Squire, you see, Sir, and nobody thought that he'd come in for all the property; but he did. I suppose Mr. Penrose took a fancy to him when he was a boy; but there were plenty more young nephews and cousins on the look-out for his money, I can tell you."

"Did Mr. Penrose ever live here?"

"No, Sir. Trewardell was his mother's place, and it was shut up after her death. But since Mr. Hammersley came into the estate the abbey has been kept as a show house. He didn't care to live there: it was cold and gloomy, he said; and he took a fancy to this place, and had it done up against his marriage—a power of money he spent upon it, to be sure. But, dear me, Sir, you haven't eaten a mouthful of that mullet. Perhaps you don't like the sauce?"

"It's excellent, my dear Mrs. Johns, but I really have no appetite this evening."

"And there's a boiled fowl with stewed artichokes, and a brace of those birds you shot the day before yesterday. I hope you'll eat something, Sir."

"I'm sorry to do injustice to such good cooking, but, upon my word, I can't eat a morsel. If you'll make me a stiffish glass of brandy-and-water, as hot as you can make it, I think perhaps it might do me some good. I had a bad fever in India, and seem to have a touch of my old enemy to-night."

"Wouldn't you like Andrew to ride back for the doctor as soon as he comes in? or I could send one of the men at once, Sir."

"On no account. Pray don't make an invalid of me. I walked a little too far after the partridges yesterday; I dare say I've knocked myself up, that's all. Even if I should feel worse, which I don't expect, I've some medicine in my dressing-case."

Mrs. Johns mixed the brandy-and-water with an anxious face, and watched the Colonel while he drank it. Then she persuaded him to return to the drawing-room, where she ensconced him luxuriously in an easy-chair by the fire, with a tiger-skin carriage rug over his knees.

"Don't hurry away, Mrs. Johns," he said, after duly acknowledging her attention. "I like to hear you talk of my poor friend Hammersley; sit down by the fire—do, there's a good soul. That's right; it looks quite comfortable and home-like to see you sitting there. I could almost fancy I'd discovered some treasure in the way of an aunt. I can't tell you how dreary I've felt all day. My mind has been running perpetually upon poor Hammersley and his wife. It's no use speaking of them to your husband; if I do, he tightens up his lips in a most impenetrable way, and is dumb immediately."

"Yes, Sir, that's just like Andrew," replied the dame, smoothing her white muslin apron and settling herself comfortably in the chair opposite the Colonel's: "I think he'd lie down on the ground for his master to walk over him; but you can never get him to talk about him, nor of her either, poor soul!"

"She behaved so badly, and worked such ruin, that I almost wonder you can find it in your heart to pity her," said the Colonel.

The good woman sighed again, and shook her head dubiously.

"You see, I knew her, Sir," she replied, "and it isn't likely I could bring myself to think as hardly of her as the rest of the world. She was such a noble, generous creature, no one could ever have thought she would do such a wicked thing. She hadn't been here very long before I found out that the love was all on one side in that marriage. She was very gentle and winning in all her ways toward her husband, but she didn't care for him, and never had cared for him, and never would; that was plain enough to me. And she wasn't happy: do what he would to please her, he couldn't make her happy. There was a look in her face of missing something—a sort of blank look; and whenever her husband was away—though goodness knows that was not often—she would roam about the house in a restless way that gave one the dismals only to watch her."

"Did he see that she was unhappy, do you think?" asked the Colonel.

"No, Sir, I don't think he did; and that's why it came upon him like a thunder-clap when she ran away. He was so bent upon making her happy that I think he believed she was so. He was so proud of her, too. Every body admired her. She was the loveliest woman in the county, they said, though the west is famous for pretty women; and she was so clever—such a sweet singer. It was she who painted all the pictures in this room and in the hall. It was Mr. Hammersley's fancy to have none but what she had painted."

"Did she belong to this part of the country?"

"Oh dear, no, Sir. Her family were Suffolk people, I've heard say; her father was a colonel in the Indian army, and there was a very large family of them—not too well off, I believe; so, of course, it was a very good match for her. I suppose she married to please her friends: such things seem common enough nowadays. She was always very sweet-spoken and affable with me. One day when I was talking to her of a son of mine—my only child, that died young—she said, 'Ah, Mrs. Johns, I have my dead too!' and I fancied she was speaking of some sweetheart, very like, that she'd had in time past."

"Did Captain Champney come here as Hammersley's friend?"

"No, Sir; he never came to this house at all; she must have met him out-of-doors. It was summer-time—midsummer—and very sultry weather. Mr. Hammersley was up in London on business connected with his estate. He was to be away a week at most, and he had wanted her to go with him; but she wouldn't, not being over well or strong at the time. She'd had a low nervous fever in the spring that had pulled her down a good deal. It was the morning after her husband left—I remember it all as well as if it was yesterday—she had been out in the village and round about the lanes visiting the poor (she was a rare hand at that always), and she came in at one of those windows while I was dusting the china in this room. I never shall forget her. Her face was as white as a sheet, and she walked in a strange, tottering way, with her eyes fixed, until she came right up against me. Then she gave a start, and dropped into the nearest chair, half fainting. I brought her a glass of water, and asked her what had happened. 'Oh, Mrs. Johns,' she said, 'I've seen a ghost!' I couldn't get her to say more than this; all the rest of the day she was shut up in her room. The next day there came a messenger with a letter for her, and late in the afternoon the same man came again with another letter. They were both from the Captain, of course; but all that day she never stirred outside the doors, not so much as to go into the gardens, though it was a splendid summer day. Early the next morning there came another letter, and in the afternoon she went out. She wore her garden hat and a light muslin dress, and she took nothing with her. I could lay my life that when she left the house that afternoon she had no thought of going away; but she never came back."

"Were the two seen together in this neighborhood?"

"Yes; a lad met Mrs. Hammersley and a strange gentleman in Farmer Goldman's field—there's a short-cut across that way to the Penjudah road; she had her hands clasped over her face, and was sobbing as if her heart would break, the boy said, and the gentleman was talking to her very earnestly. The boy turned and watched them. They loitered about, talking for half an hour or so, Mrs. Hammersley crying almost all the time; and then the boy saw them get into a close carriage that had been waiting in the Penjudah road, and heard the gentleman tell the man to drive to the station. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Plymouth train leaves Penjudah at a quarter to five. It came out afterward that Captain Champney had been staying at the Rose and Crown at Penjudah, and had hired a close fly on that day. The driver could tell all the rest—how he had waited above an hour in the road near Trewardell, and picked up a lady there."

"How soon did Hammersley learn what had happened?"

"My husband telegraphed to him that night, and he was back early the next evening. He was very quiet. I never saw any one take a great blow so quietly. He didn't bluster or rave, as some gentlemen would have done; but he sat in the library for one whole day, writing letters and seeing every one who had any thing to tell him, while Andrew was about making inquiries quietly in every direction. There was no fuss or talk, considering, and it was only a few people knew any thing of what had happened. As soon as Mr. Hammersley had heard all he could hear in this place he started off—after those two, I suppose—and that's the last we ever saw of him. He wrote to Andrew soon after, telling him how the house was to be kept up, and so on; and that was all."

"You heard of Captain Champney's death, I suppose?" said the Colonel.

"Yes," Mrs. Johns replied, with a doubtful air; "we did hear that he was dead."

"And you heard the strange manner of his death, no doubt?"

"We saw something in the papers, but didn't take much heed of it," replied Mrs. Johns, with an air of not caring to pursue this subject.

The Colonel did not press it. There was no doubt in his own mind as to the hand that had slain Captain Champney, and he fancied that Mrs. Johns shared his conviction upon that subject.

"Have you ever heard what became of Mrs. Hammersley?" he asked, presently.

"Not a word, Sir. That's what makes me pity her sometimes in spite of myself. It's a hard thing for her to be left like that, without a soul to care for her—him that she sinned for dead and gone. She may be starving somewhere, poor misguided creature, without a roof to cover her, perhaps; and these empty rooms looking as if they were waiting for her all the while, with all the pretty things she was so fond of just as she left them. It always gives me the heart-ache to think of her, or to touch any of the things that belonged to her."

"Was it Hammersley's wish that the place should be kept just as she left it?"

"Yes, Sir, that was one of his orders in the letter of instruction that he wrote to my husband before he left England."

"Is there no portrait of her any where about the house?"

"No, Sir. There was a likeness of her, painted by some great artist in London, but I never saw that after the day when Mr. Hammersley came back and found her gone. Whether he destroyed it in secret that day, or put it away somewhere under lock and key, I can't tell. I only know that when I came into this room next morning the picture was gone. There's the blank space where it hung just above your head."

The Colonel looked up. Yes, there was the empty panel. On the opposite side of the fireplace there was a portrait of his friend, little more than a head, against a dark background, bold and truthful, by the hand of John Philip. He had made a shrewd guess why the companion picture was missing.

He had been so much interested in the housekeeper's talk as almost to forget his pain and weariness; but by this time the stimulating effect of his dose of brandy-and-water had worn off, and he felt really ill, quite as ill as when the first warning of his fever came upon him up the country.

"I'm afraid I'm in for it, Mrs. Johns," he said, with a faint groan; "I'm afraid I'm going to be very ill. Rather hard upon you and your husband, isn't it, and not in the bond? My friend lent me his house to get well in: he didn't bargain for my falling ill in it."

Mrs. Johns did her best to console and cheer him with assurances that his symptoms indicated nothing more than a cold and a little over-fatigue.

"A cold's a hazardous thing for a man in my condition, my good soul," said the Colonel, "and I was a fool to overdo it with those long tramps over the damp stubble. The doctor who sent me home gave me all manner of solemn warnings as to what I might and might not do, and I'm afraid I've paid very little attention to any of them. However, I'll go to bed at once, take a dose of the fellow's medicine, and wrap myself in a blanket. Perhaps I may be all right in the morning. But if I should be worse, you'd better telegraph to Plymouth for one of the best medical men there. Don't put me in the hands of a local doctor."

Mrs. Johns promised to obey these instructions, still protesting that the Colonel would be better in the morning; and then hurried off to see that there was a blazing fire made in his bedroom, and to provide one of her thickest blankets in which to envelop him.

CHAPTER III.

"Ah, homeless as the leaf that winds have blown
To earth—in this wide world I stand alone."

The Colonel's dismal prophecy was but too faithfully realized. The next morning found him in a raging fever, with a furred tongue, blood-shot eyes, a galloping pulse, and racking pains in his limbs. It was no case of infection, no village epidemic. The Colonel had simply, in his own language, overdone it.

Mrs. Johns opined that this was the beginning of a rheumatic fever; but she still kept up her cheery tone to the patient, looking anxiously all the while for the advent of the Plymouth doctor.

He did not come till sunset, by which time the Colonel was worse. After making a careful examination of his patient, and questioning Mrs. Johns closely as to the Colonel's antecedents, the physician sat down to write a prescription.

"It is not so much a question of physic as of care," he said. "You have not called in any one from the neighborhood yet, I suppose?"

"No, Sir. Colonel Benyon begged me not to call in any one of that kind, or else I should have sent at once for Mr. Borlase."

"Never mind what the Colonel says. Let your husband call for Mr. Borlase, and get this prescription made up. He can ask Mr. Borlase to come back with him and see me. Or—let me see—there'll scarcely be time for that. I can call on Borlase as I drive back to the station, and explain matters. Mr. Borlase will watch the case for me."

"But you'll come to see him again, Sir?"

"Most decidedly. This is Friday. I shall come again on Monday by the same train. The case is rather a critical one."

"You don't think there's any danger, Sir?"

"Not immediate danger; but the man's constitution has been undermined by hard work and illness in India, and he's not a good subject for rheumatic fever. However, I shall be able to say more on Monday. In the mean time the grand question is good nursing. I think I had better send you a professional nurse."

Mrs. Johns protested her ability to nurse the Colonel herself; but the physician shook his head.

"My good creature, you have your house to look after," he said, "and that poor fellow will want constant watching. We must expect delirium in such a case. You and your husband must contrive to look after him to-night, and I

will send you a reliable person early to-morrow morning."

Having made this promise, the doctor got into the fly from the Rose and Crown and drove back to Penjudah, where he had a brief interview with Mr. Borlase, who came out of his trim-looking stone house and stood upon the pavement before his door while the great man talked to him out of the fly.

"I shall send a nurse from Plymouth to-morrow morning," said the physician. "There's no one about here, I suppose, that one could depend upon for such a case?"

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Borlase. "There's a person I've had a good deal to do with lately among my very poor patients, and if you could only get her, you'd find her a treasure; but whether she would attend a wealthy person as a paid servant is a question I can't answer. She has only nursed the poor hereabouts, and evidently does it as a pious duty. I fancy, from her dress and manner, that she belongs to some religious community—not exactly Roman Catholic, perhaps, but very near it."

"Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Chapman—a widow; poor herself, I suppose, for she occupies very humble lodgings in Bolter's Row, at the other end of the town. She never takes payment from any one; indeed, she only attends a class that are quite unable to pay. She is a young woman, fragile-looking, and very pretty; but she is the best nurse I ever met with."

"I don't think the Colonel will object to her youth and good looks," said the doctor, laughing. "That kind of thing is much pleasanter in a sick-room than some Gorgon of the Gamp species. Have you known this Mrs. Chapman long?"

"Not long. She has only been here three months; but I have seen a great deal of her in that time; and I can answer for her patience and devotion."

"I've half an hour to spare before my train starts. I'll go down to Bolter's Row and have a look at this paragon of yours."

"I'm sure you'll be pleased with her; but I very much doubt your being able to get her to do what we want," said Mr. Borlase.

"We'll see about that," answered the physician, who had some confidence in his own powers of persuasion. "You say the woman is poor. She'll scarcely care to decline an advantageous offer, I should think. Good-night, Borlase. Be sure you go to Trewardell the first thing to-morrow."

With this injunction the doctor drove away down the little hilly High Street to the outskirts of Penjudah, where he alighted, and groped his way along a narrow alley of queer old-fashioned cottages, so crooked that they seemed scarcely able to support themselves in a standing position.

Upon inquiring for Mrs. Chapman, he was directed to the last house in Bolter's Row, and here he was ushered into a tiny sitting-room, daintily neat, and with an air of freshness and prettiness that struck him as something beyond the common graces of poverty. The room was dimly lighted by one candle, beside which a woman sat reading; a slim fragile creature in a black gown and a white muslin cap of some peculiar fashion—a cap which concealed almost every vestige of her hair, and gave a nun-like aspect to her pale thin face.

The doctor felt at once that this was no vulgar sick-nurse. This was not a woman to whom he could broadly offer money as an inducement to her to depart from her established round of duty.

He told his errand, told her what he had heard from Mr. Borlase, and how anxious he was to secure her services for a gentleman lying dangerously ill.

"It is quite impossible," she said, in a sweet, firm voice. "I nurse only the very poor."

"You belong to some sisterhood, I suppose?" said the physician.

"No; I belong to no sisterhood," she answered, with something that was half bitterness, half sorrow, in her tone; "I stand quite alone in the world."

"Pray pardon me; I thought by your dress you might be a member of one of those communities so numerous nowadays."

"No, Sir. It is a simple dress, and suits my circumstances; that is my only reason for wearing it. I have made my own line of duty, and try to follow it."

"I wonder you should have chosen so obscure a place as Penjudah as a field for your charitable work. Do you belong to this part of the country?"

"No. The place is quiet, and I can live cheaply here. Up to this time I have always found plenty of work."

"The duty you have chosen is a very noble one, and the sacrifice most admirable in so young a woman."

"It is no sacrifice for me," she answered, decisively; and the doctor felt he had no right to ask any more questions.

He pressed his request very warmly, however; so much so that at last Mrs. Chapman seemed almost inclined to yield.

"You have owned that you have no pressing duties in Penjudah just now," he said, when they had been talking together for some time; "and I do assure you that you will be performing a real act of charity in looking after this poor fellow at Trewardell."

It was the first time he had mentioned the name of the place.

"At Trewardell, did you say?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"Yes. It's a gentleman's house, seven miles from here; a charming place. This Colonel Benyon is a friend of the owner, who has lived abroad for some years. Pray, now, consider the case, and extend your charity to this poor man, Mrs. Chapman. Remember it's not as if he were in the bosom of his family. He's quite alone, with no one in the house but servants, and a stranger in the land, as one may say. Of course I might send a nurse from Plymouth, as I intended in the first case; but after what Mr. Borlase told me, I set my heart upon having you."

"Mr. Borlase is very good. I will come."

He had expected to conquer in the end, but had not expected her to yield so suddenly.

"You will! That's capital; and allow me to say that, as far as remuneration goes, you will be quite at liberty to name your own terms."

"Pray do not mention that. I could not possibly take payment for my services. I shall come to Colonel Benyon as I should to the poorest patient in Penjudah."

"Do just what you please, only come; and the sooner the better."

"I can come immediately—to-night, if you please."

"I should be very glad if you will do so. I am just off to the station, and will send my fly to take you back to Trewardell."

"Back to Trewardell!" Mrs. Chapman repeated those three last words as if there were something strange in them.

The doctor was too hurried to notice any thing peculiar in her tone. As it was, he ran some risk of losing his train. He wished her good-night, and went back to the fly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE city of Moscow is now suffering from the ravages of the cholera, the disease there having assumed a most malignant form. Some cases have also appeared in St. Petersburg. There is no special apprehension that this dreaded disease will prevail in America this season. Yet there is always a liability to its introduction; and hence the suggestions which have been recently made concerning the use of impure water are worthy of careful attention. In various parts of the city there are some old wells and pumps, which supplied water before the introduction of the Croton. The water is generally soft and cool, and apparently free from impurities, so that it is especially popular with those in the vicinity. In hot days such pumps give forth a constant stream to thirsty people. Analysis has repeatedly proved that the water from wells situated in a populous city is certain to become impure by the sewage and by drainage from the soil. Though not manifest to sight or taste, these impurities exist, and deadly epidemics have frequently been traced to the continued use of such water. Well-authenticated facts show that typhoid fever and cholera are directly disseminated by impure water. During the epidemic of 1848-49 in London it was estimated that a certain pump in one of the most fashionable quarters of the West End killed five hundred people by disseminating the cholera. In the Twelfth Ward of Brooklyn there is a famous pump, from which a large number of families formerly obtained their supply. In the year 1866 cholera broke out in a number of these families, but, fortunately, the source of the disease was suspected, and further contagion prevented by the prompt action of the health officer in removing the pump-handle. In numerous instances, both in cities and in country towns, typhoid fever has been directly traced to the use of impure water. This subject certainly deserves the attention of public authorities and private citizens.

In the great contest on the Saratoga race-course between Longfellow and Harry Bassett it appears that the race was won by one of the most singular accidents that ever occurred on a race-course. In the midst of the course Longfellow was seen to falter somewhat, yet reached the goal but a little behind the successful horse in the fastest known race. Examination showed that the shoe-plate of Longfellow had broken in half, and curving up during the race, had buried itself in his foot.

It is pleasant to notice that many of the contributions to the Fund for Poor Children are *from* children. It is an excellent way to teach little folks to be sympathetic and charitable to encourage them to give to the needy something from their own little savings.

The jockeys at the Saratoga races were all boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, and from the humblest classes of society. The colors they wore were very brilliant—as handsome as were ever seen on a race-course. Last year several English jockey boys were imported, but American lads are found to be full as smart.

The Emperor of Germany is considered the most abstemious of European monarchs. Soon after rising he takes a simple cup of coffee; at noon, roast beef, potatoes, and a glass of Bordeaux wine; and at night his supper consists of bread, sausage, and a cup of tea.

Chekeang has been allowed to send to Pekin 48,000 pieces of brocaded silk, 200 pieces of plain green silk, and 2000 of what are referred to in the record as "silk articles of attire," for the household and guard of the empress elect. Moreover, this favored province has furnished 8000 silk dresses and 800 pieces of plain silk for the imperial chair-bearers and escort. This is in addition to 3350 pieces of silk goods, 400 catties of silk thread and embroidered velvet, and 1800 pieces of fine cotton cloth, previously ordered in 1869. The people of Chekeang, who furnish these supplies gratuitously, have respectfully hinted that there may be a mistake in the estimate of the necessities of the imperial body-guard in the matter of "reserve wardrobe."

We conclude there is some warm weather down South, as well as in New York. A Louisville editor suggests that unless there is an immediate change of temperature, Mr. Fahrenheit, in justice to his patrons, should at once add a second story with a Mansard-roof to his thermometer.

We have more than once referred in these columns to the Children's Excursions, which have so justly attracted the attention and incited the generosity of the public. Over eleven hundred poor children attended one of these picnics. This number was larger than had been intended; but when the nine hundred to whom tickets had been supplied thronged the pier from which the excursion barge was to sail, waifs and strays from the very lowest stratum of the streets crowded around, clamoring for tickets. They were supplied as far as it was deemed expedient, yet as many as three hundred were left behind disappointed, and many of them scowling, though assured their turn would come by-and-by. Some, even at the peril of their lives, having been refused by the manager, succeeded in getting on board of the barge. The difference between these wild Arabs of the streets and those who had been to some extent under the softening influence of industrial schools was apparent throughout the trip, and particularly when the barge touched the pier on its return to the city. The wild and desperate gayety in which they had indulged departed, and clambering recklessly on the bulk-heads, they disappeared without a word of thanks or farewell. The school-children, on the contrary, quietly passed over the gang-plank in regular order, extending their little hands with a pleasant "good-by" to those who had contributed to their enjoyment. A single excursion will not reform young criminals, of course; but continued kindnesses will have an effect upon the most untrained and callous natures. It will be far easier hereafter to bring these rude, wild spirits under some useful training than if they had never received unaccustomed pleasure at the hands of those who would also give instruction.

It is said that the absence of many thousands of Americans from the country the present summer has injured our home fashionable watering-places. There are hundreds who visit Europe who have never seen Niagara, the White Mountains, Lake George, and scores of other beautiful places in our own country. It is not, in general, that such persons prefer to see European scenery; but many of them "count the cost" before planning their summer recreation, and they find that it is less expensive to cross the ocean for a three-months' trip than to spend the same time at frequented American resorts. The high rates charged at hotels, the numerous "extras," and the extortions to which travelers are subjected have become a terror to many people, and they flee from them. During the present season there has been an extraordinary flight to Europe.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences specimens of the manguey were presented, with prepared fibre from the leaves of the plant. It grows in unlimited abundance throughout the Territory of Arizona. The fibre is white and strong, somewhat resembling manilla, but much finer. Its adaptation to manufacturing purposes seems only a matter of time.

"Hay fever," so called, has not generally been recognized by physicians as a separate disease, but a recent writer on the subject seems to have established its individual identity. "Autumnal catarrh" is the scientific term given to the disease. No cure has been found for it; but it has been observed that there are many places where the disease is not contracted, and where it disappears from those suffering with it in a few days. Most of the White Mountain and the Adirondack regions are free from it, nor is it known in Germany and France.

In one of the battles of our late civil war an officer, one Major Morderwell, was shot through the body. The ball passed out at the back near the spinal column, and, strange to say, the major recovered. But there was a sequel to the casualty. In the major's vest pocket there was a gold pen and pen-case when the unlucky ball struck him. A piece of the pen and case was carried by the ball into his body, but the ball came out alone. Some weeks ago a swelling appeared on the neck of Major Morderwell, which was supposed to be a severe boil; but after a while a piece of gold pen worked its way out, and the sore healed. Whether a bit of pen-case is still wandering about his body remains to be seen.

In 1871, 81,300 chests of opium were imported from India, and it is said that something like 35,000 chests are annually smuggled. Much of this is shipped to northern countries for consumption.

Mrs. Gladstone has defied etiquette! During the recent civic proceedings at Bethnal Green, after the arrival of the royal party, several ladies were observed sitting on the right hand of the Prince of Wales. One was Mrs. Gladstone, and next her was a lady, gracious and pleasing, who supported a fair child of about five years old upon her knees. This was the Duchess of Marlborough, the fair child a *protégée*. The child carried a bouquet of the most delicate flowers—indeed, her own little head, "sunning over with curls," looked like one of the family of flowers. This bouquet, it was fondly hoped, the child would be permitted to present to the princess. But no; the laws of etiquette forbid! The programme had been mapped out, and could not be interfered with. But Mrs. Gladstone was superior to the difficulty. She lifted the fair child off the duchess's knees and walked forward to the royal party; and the officers stood aghast as the wife of the Premier led the little one up the steps of the royal dais, when the tribute of innocence was laid at the shrine of beauty. "The princess," remarks the *Court Journal*, "bowed down till her own fair forehead was bathed in the golden glory that glittered in the child's head; and Mrs. Gladstone, having bowed low, returned with her fair charge, and as she seated her again in the lap of the duchess, said, in not too low a voice either, 'There, I told you she should do it.'"

The other day a Boston youth applied at the registrar's office for a "recipe to get married." He received a certificate, and departed rejoicing.

A correspondent of the Boston *Daily Globe*—one evidently fond of Puss—went to see the cat show in the Crystal Palace at London, and, inspired by the occasion, wrote a column and a quarter concerning the celebrated felines. It appears that the prime glories of the show were the Tortoise-shell Tom, who was for sale, "the single wonder of a thousand years," for a paltry two hundred and fifty gold dollars; and the royal cat of the King of Siam, a deliciously sleek dun-colored creature of very compact form. The royal puss was the most distinguished visitor of the whole lot, and very properly, as becomes a royal personage, haughty and indifferent. He turned his royal back on the plebeian audience, and would not condescend so much as to look at his admirers. The sensations of the show were a black cat, Miss Chin-Chin, who lived in a cage with one Mr. Smut, a remarkably knowing gray Siamese terrier; an "abnormal" cat which hopped about on three legs; a pure black cat, with two pure white kittens, and a pure white cat with two pure black kittens; an Archangel cat with the brightest of yellow eyes, and a coat of the softest gray; a yellow and white Australian cat; and last, though far from the least, a cage containing a cat, her kittens, and a pair of impertinent squirrels reared by Mrs. Puss with her own children. This was the prettiest and most interesting sight in the show. The sleepy old Tabby, dozing with a bunch of dear little kittens under her nose, while gamboling over the happy family, now playing with the mother's tail, and now squatting, after the manner of their tribe, on their haunches, cracking nuts, were two lively and irrepressible squirrels. Each cat had a cage to itself—except, of course, in the case of kittens—a nice, bright, well-kept spacious cage, with a well-stuffed crimson cushion outside, which set off the fur of the fortunate tabby to great advantage. At the back of the cage—one could scarce call it a cage, so exquisitely comfortable did it look—was a bed of soft silver sand on which to doze or dream and purr in the long bright sunshiny hours of the forenoon. Red lumps of appetizing liver, and bowls of rich, creamy milk stood at the door of each puss's apartment, and there was no lack of caressing attention.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE girl went into a drug store the other day and said to the proprietor, in a half whisper, "If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

A RINGDOVE—A bride.

A dog is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man when he takes too much.

The following new definition is suggested for the forth-coming edition of Webster's Unabridged: Tomahawk—an agricultural implement, chiefly used for raising hair.

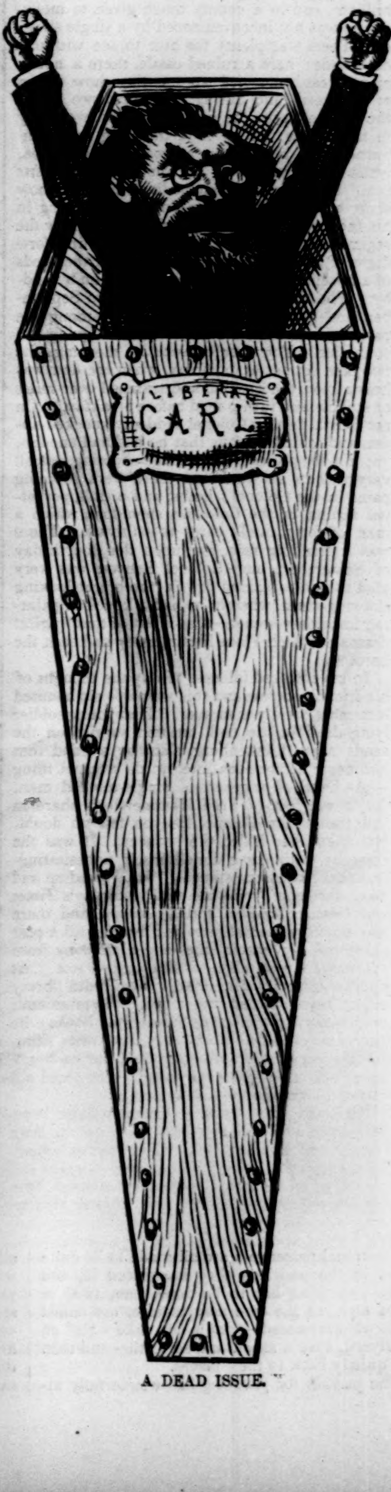
An artist painted a cannon so naturally that it went off at a very good price.

There is a man down East, a rather facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named the first child Something; it was Something New. The next child was named Nothing; it being Nothing New.

A Hudson milkman was overheard singing to his fellow-craftsmen, "Yes, we'll gather at the river." He meant more than he said.

The first sun-shade was an eclipse.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired, "You gwine to hit whar you look?" "Yes." "Den," said Cuffee, "hold the cow yourself. I ain't gwine to let you hit me."



A DEAD ISSUE."

FROM THE DECK OF A YACHT.

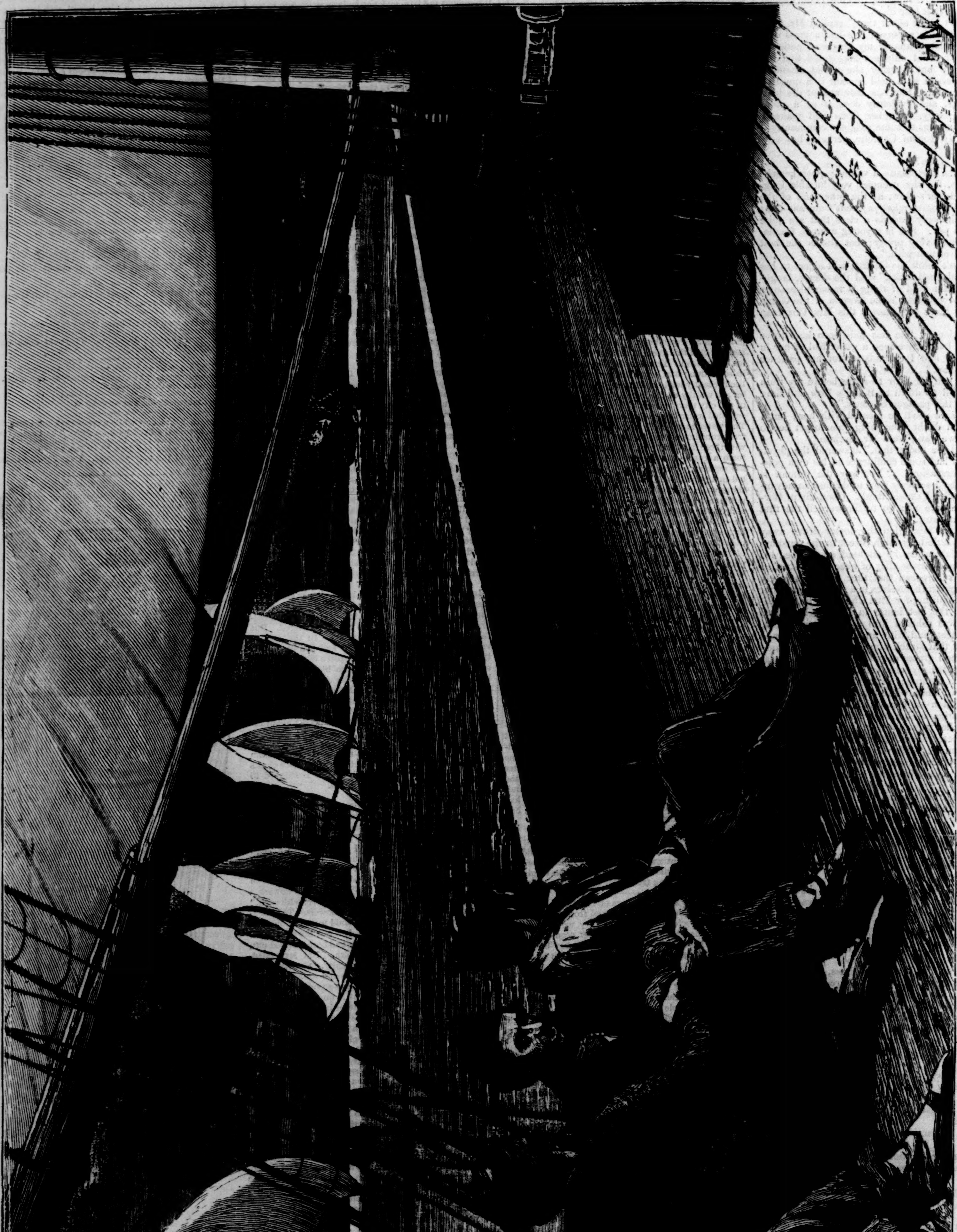
THE scene depicted in this engraving was sketched from the deck of an English yacht during a recent regatta on the river Thames, in which she took part. Thames yachting weather is subject to general complaint on account of its light winds, and the present season offers no exception to the rule. On board a racing yacht the men and passengers are all made to lie quite quiet in the positions they are placed in, and when any thing has to be done, one, two, or three men, as the case may require, are called to do what is needed—trim a sail, take a pull on a halyard, ease a sheet, and so forth—and then slip quietly back to their places.

The passion for yachting has wonderfully increased in America within the last ten years, and now every sea-port town of any pretensions has at least one club devoted to this amusement, while in this department of naval architecture we have left a doubtful palm in the hands of our English rivals. Indeed, it would probably be strictly within the bounds of truth and modesty to assert the superiority of American-built yachts over those of every other country. We do not allude to racing yachts only, but also to those which answer, on the water, to the commodious yet elegant family carriage on land, in which speed is not so much an object as safety and convenience. The lines of this class of yachts are often more lovely in curvature than those of the racers, and they are not to be despised because comparatively slow.

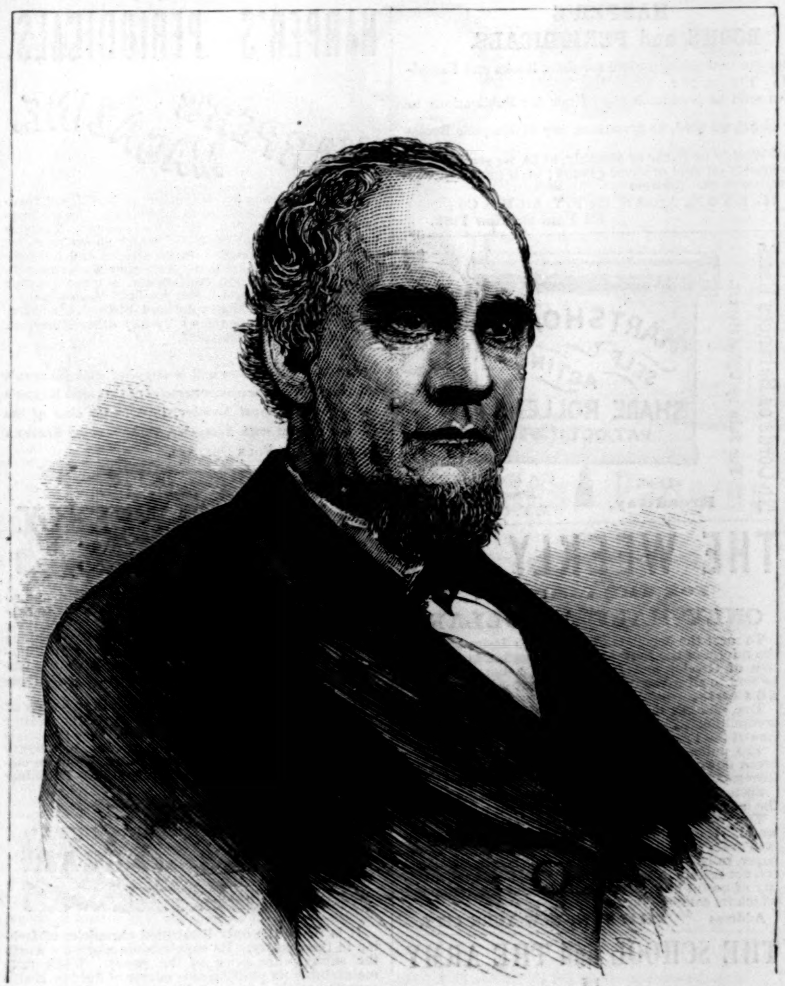
BLUE-FISHING.

THE pleasures and penalties of blue-fishing are admirably represented in Mr. SOL EYTINGE'S spirited sketch on page 625. Every one appears to be having a good time except one forlorn individual, who pays his respects to Neptune in the most woe-begone manner imaginable. Blue-fishing is a pleasant and exciting sport for those who are untroubled by seasickness; and during the season most favorable to such excursions it is a common thing to make up fishing-parties for a yacht cruise off Fire Island and other locations along the coast where good sport abounds. The method of catching which affords most excitement is trolling, for which a brisk wind is indispensable. The blue-fish is exceedingly voracious, and will rise at almost any kind of bait that attracts his attention. The moment a school is struck the sport becomes exciting, and the victims are hauled in as fast as the lines can be thrown. We may mention here, as a caution to the inexperienced, that the blue-fish has a very ugly and vindictive temper, and some care must be exercised in taking a large specimen from the hook to avoid a vicious snap at the fingers.

The blue-fish is in season nearly all the year round, but the summer and early autumn months afford the best sport for pleasure fishing-parties, like the one illustrated by Mr. EYTINGE. With a good breeze, and luck in striking a large school of these ravenous creatures, there is no danger but that even the least-experienced manager of the line will be rewarded by an ample haul.



THE YACHT-RACE—A SKETCH FROM THE DECK OF A COMPETING YACHT.



MR. JOHN M. PHILLIPS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

THE METHODIST BOOK AGENTS.

THE Rev. REUBEN NELSON, D.D., and Mr. JOHN M. PHILLIPS, whose portraits we present to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, were elected by the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church managers of the Book Concern at New York. Dr. NELSON is slightly past middle life, and has been known for many years as one of the most successful educators in the State of Pennsylvania. He has been at the head of the Wyoming Conference Seminary at Kingston, in that State, for more than twenty-four years. Kingston Seminary is attended every year by several hundred students of both sexes. The studies are preparatory to a collegiate course of education, and are pursued also by many youth who design to become teachers. In this position Dr. NELSON has won an enviable reputation. His tact, courtesy, and financial ability have made him universally popular.

Dr. NELSON'S colleague, Mr. PHILLIPS, is the first layman ever elected to the Book Agency. He was born in Kentucky, but the greater part of his life has been spent in Ohio. He entered the Methodist Publishing House at Cincinnati, when quite a youth, as a mailing clerk. Here he has spent over thirty years in various positions, among the rest as book-keeper and cashier. He was considered an invaluable officer by the agents under whom he served; he was also at the time of his election a member of a leading banking firm in Cincinnati. At the General Conference Mr. PHILLIPS was chosen one of the secretaries, an honor never given to a layman at any previous session of the Conference. He has also been active in promoting education in Ohio. Both these gentlemen are in vigorous health, and are giving close personal attention to their duties.

The Methodist Book Concern has grown naturally out of the system of printing and circulating books adopted by JOHN WESLEY. The founder of Methodism was the earliest deviser in England of cheap publications for the common people. Besides spreading his own writings, he abridged and reprinted standard works, and required his preachers to carry them through the circuits, and sell them from house to house. He was his own publisher, and was successful in the management of his business. In 1790 a valuation of his stock was taken by two London booksellers; it was returned as worth a little under £5000. All the income from the sales he gave away. Very rarely he drew upon his profits to the extent of £5 for a new suit of clothes. His charitable disbursements out of these profits ranged from £500 to £1000 yearly. He was enabled by this means to devote to charity in the course of his life not less than $150,000. His personal income was £30 yearly, which he never exceeded.

His books and business were left by his will to the preachers in trust for the promotion of the general objects of the societies which he had founded. American Methodists very closely copied his methods of book circulation. They established a Book Concern between 1783 and 1786 in New York. Its capital was $600, furnished by the first Book Agent, JOHN DICKINS. The first book published was "Thomas à Kempis," abridged by WESLEY; then followed the Hymn-Book, BAXTER'S "Saints' Rest," and the "Discipline." The early agents performed all the necessary work of the Concern in person. As late as 1820 they did their own editing and clerking, and packing, hooping, and shipping of boxes. It will be readily inferred from these facts that the growth of the Concern was exceedingly slow. In 1799 its whole capital stock was not over $4000, and out of this the agents had to pay $3000 of debts. After the year 1800, when it had been in existence nearly twenty years, its progress was rapid. In 1804 its capital stock was returned at $27,000, in 1816 at $147,000, and in 1820 at $170,000. These returns were found subsequently to be fallacious. In 1824 the General Conference ordered a large discount to be made, then and after, on the gross capital reported, for losses and depreciated stock. In consequence of this order the capital reported fell in 1828 to $130,000.

But the institution was still in a precarious condition. The books were sent to the preachers to be sold on commission. Each presiding elder received a supply, which was charged to him. It was his duty to distribute his stock among his preachers, and to see that they in turn sold the books to the people. For all stock thus disposed of the preachers received eighteen per cent. commission, and the presiding elders six. The result of this system can be easily imagined. The property of the Concern was scattered all through the country, some of it properly cared for, much of it not. The more business apparently done, the worse the agents might be off. The genius of one man, JOHN EMORY, who was Assistant Agent from 1824 to 1828, and Chief Agent from 1828 to 1832, devised a remedy, and placed the institution upon its present solid basis. He persuaded the General Conference to change "the principle of conducting the business from issues of books on commission to actual sales for cash or notes." The effect of his administration was marvelous. In 1828 the Concern owed $101,000. By 1832 this debt had been discharged, five building lots had been purchased in an eligible situation, several buildings had been erected thereon and paid for, large additions had been made to the stock of stereotype plates, and the dividends to the annual conferences increased from $150 to each conference to $800 to each. Dr. EMORY was one of the rare men who are effective in every direction to which their powers are turned. His administrative talents were extraordinary. He was the first writer of his time in American Methodism, and withal he was a man of saintly purity. To him and his associates, NATHAN BANGS and BEVERLY WAUGH, may be ascribed the laying of the foundations of the long-continued prosperity of the Methodist Book Concern.

The Concern was from the beginning intended as a charitable institution. Its profits were, by a rule of the Discipline, to be sacredly set apart for the relief of worn-out preachers, and the widows and orphans of those preachers who had died in the service. The early agents were picked men of high repute for piety. Some of them were made bishops; others, as COOPER and BANGS, took rank among the chiefs of American Methodism. They retired from office, as they entered it, poor. Those of them who were blessed with a little patrimony were satisfied if it was not drawn upon to eke out their very moderate support. The office was regarded as one of the most religious as well as one of the most important in the gift of the Church. Such an event as an agent's growing rich in it was not even dreamed of.

But times change, and men change with them. Fast as the Book Concern grew, the Methodist Church grew faster. There came at length to be more worn-out preachers and widows and orphans to be helped than any one business house could relieve. The Church assumed the care of these beneficiaries herself, and provided for them far better than the Book Concern had. The contributions of the Methodist people to these most deserving representatives of its ministry now reach $141,144 annually. The Book Concern ceased to be a charitable institution. For some years its surplus funds were employed in supporting the bishops, but this burden has also been assumed by the Church at large. It is now purely a business establishment, engaged in making and selling religious books, and adding its profits to its capital.

The business which began in a single room in Fulton Street, New York, has developed into a system of branch houses spreading all over the United States. At Cincinnati is the Western Book Concern, rivaling in the magnitude of its operations the parent house in New York. There are depositories for the sale of books at Boston, Buffalo, Auburn, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, and San Francisco. Nearly twenty periodicals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, are issued, and extensively circulated among the people. The catalogue of book publications is large, and contains most of the Methodist standard works. To some extent the preachers continue to act as colporteurs or agents in selling the books, but the old practice in this respect is rapidly dying out.

When a church engages in business it takes the risks of business; and the question may be raised whether these are risks which a church ought to assume. The less a Christian society, *as an organized body*, entangles itself in secular affairs, the more likely is its purity to be preserved. In the person of its popes the Roman Catholic Church has undertaken to administer law, to regulate commerce, to maintain armies, to carry on war, only to be corrupted thereby to its very core. Mr. WESLEY found, in his own experience, that business did not always work smoothly. His book steward, ATLAY, after serving him fifteen years, went off, reporting that there was stock on hand worth £13,751. By WESLEY'S order it was inventoried, and found to be worth less than £5000. What made this difference WESLEY never inquired. He did not believe ATLAY in the first place; but he was then an old man, and wished to finish life with the least possible trouble. The Methodist Episcopal Church has proved to be no exception to the world's usual experience, and its Book-Room scandal has occupied the attention of the whole country. The evils which were developed by the exposure of fraud were so much greater than the fraud itself that public consideration has been drawn as much to the former as to the latter. That a manager of the Concern should be ecclesiastically slaughtered, and saved finally only by the interposition of a single bishop, for making statements the truth of which was admitted once by the whole of an investigating committee, and always by a minority of that committee, is a fact which has excited no little questioning in the minds of non-Methodist Americans. The *Nation* reports that intelligent men have been set to inquiring what must be the composition of a body in which such an event can occur. The explanation is very simple. The Book Concern owns the Church press, and can array an enormous power against any one who impeaches its administration. This power, with an exception here and there, was turned upon Dr. LANAHAN, and would have ruined him but for the support he obtained, we may say, from the whole American people. The money power and the opinion power of the Methodist Church, concentrated in a few hands, can be worked as a tremendous machinery for evil as well as for good; and in our judgment it is a misfortune to Methodism that the two powers are so concentrated. Hence it has been easy for nearly three years to persuade well-meaning Methodists that the support given to Dr. LANAHAN has proceeded from interested motives. If this were true, there were very many parties in interest, for the supporters of Dr. LANAHAN comprehended the entire secular and religious press (the Methodist official press alone excepted) from one side of the country to the other. All such pretenses were annihilated by the unanimous judgment of the General Conference, pronounced after a careful investigation by a large committee. We put a part of it on record here:

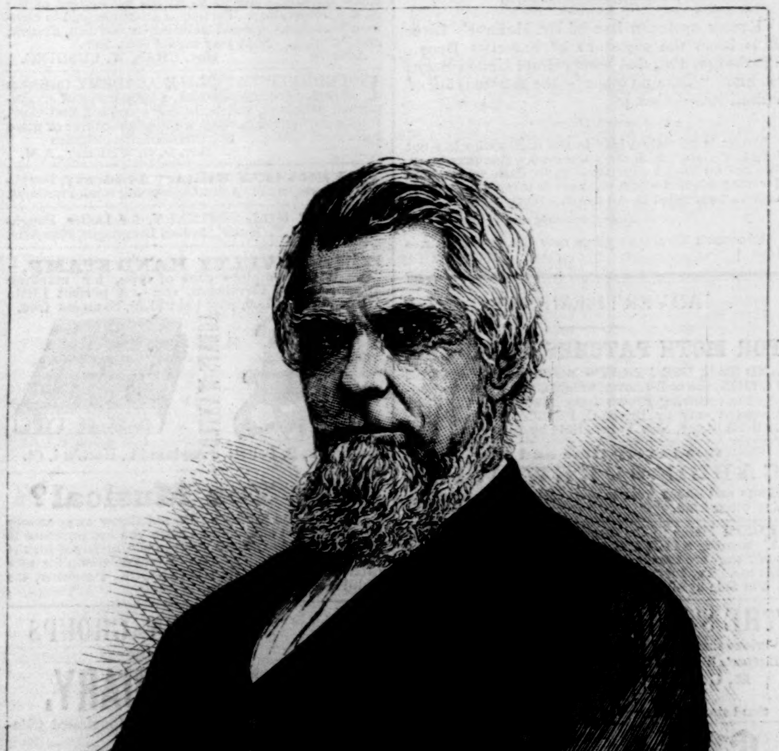
"Your committee, therefore, after as careful an examination of all the evidence at hand bearing upon the subject submitted to us as it has been possible for us in the time at our disposal to give to it, arrive at the conclusion that repeated frauds have been practiced upon the Book Concern.

"These frauds are found in the manufacturing department, and are located chiefly, if not wholly, in the bindery. Mr. HOFFMAN was superintendent of this department at the time of the perpetration of these frauds, and the evidence indicates that for a series of years he carried on a system of frauds by which the Concern sustained very considerable losses, the amount of which it is impossible to indicate with accuracy.

"1. We are of the opinion that the business methods of this department were formerly such as to afford opportunities for frauds and peculations by subordinates, which these investigations show have been taken advantage of.

"2. Your committee concur with Mr. KILBRETH in the statement made by him in his report before us, in which he says that 'in former years it is apparent that there was a great lack of system in the business transactions of the house, as shown on the books, and a great deal of confusion and careless book-keeping;' as also in his further statement that 'the business entries of the years 1862 and 1864, including also the bindery and periodical account of 1861, are totally inexcusable as specimens of accounts.'"

The effect of Dr. LANAHAN'S disclosures is seen in the entire change in the administration of the Concern, and in the appointment of the gentlemen whose portraits are given on this page. They have already given notice that they intend to establish a new order of affairs. The property will be carefully inventoried, new books opened, and the Concern will be admin-



THE REV. REUBEN NELSON, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

istered under the supervision of a local committee. It is not flattery to say that these gentlemen enjoy the confidence of all who know them, and can be counted on to do all they undertake. The hero of the struggle has retired to enjoy the rest which he has so richly earned. He carries with him to his retirement the respect and admiration of all men who honor integrity and rejoice in its triumph over wrong.

A WHIMSICAL THEORY.

MR. SWINBURNE has recently advanced the singular theory that only men of patrician birth can be poets. It is a mere whim. Perhaps Dante, Alfieri, and Byron may be set down as patricians. But these are almost the only men whose names suggest themselves on the spur of the moment; and scores of poets of the highest genius, but of plebeian birth, rise to the tip of the tongue. Horace, Petoefi, Béranger, Burns—what sort of a pedigree had any of these men to produce at the Heralds' College? Neither Shakspeare nor Milton can be said to be men of the patrician order. They were representatives of the middle class, of the class which in every country has produced the truest poets, the keenest and profoundest thinkers, the greatest statesmen.

Nearly all the best poetry that has been written in England, the poetry that stands the best chance of immortality, has been written by men as free from a titled pedigree as Burns. What pedigree had Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Keats, Tom Hood, or even Scott, except the pedigree which he improvised out of his own imagination? They all belonged to the yeoman and merchant class. Byron and Shelley were the only two who were entitled to bear arms. We should be in a sad condition in this country if only persons of patrician birth could be poets. The rule would shut out Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman, and every other gifted man who has approved by his creations his claim to the name of poet. No, Mr. Swinburne; genius is not in blood. It often turns up, like wild honey, in strange places.

OUR FAVORITE SEWING MACHINE.—The cheapest and best sewing machine now manufactured for family use is probably the New Wilson. We certainly would use no other. It works with equal facility on muslin, woolen, cloth, cambric, tarletan, flannel, and leather. It does not paralyze the spine, or wear out the operator in any way, neither does it demand an incessant stoppage to find out where the difficulty is. There is no difficulty. It runs smoothly and evenly, hems, fells, tucks, gathers, and binds. It does the finest and most beautiful work on cambric and linen. It also has the merit of being cheaper than any other first-class machine, as it can be purchased for $50. The feeding device is an improvement on all other machines, and a special patent of the Wilson. It does not get out of order, nor break needles, nor slip, nor pucker the cloth. So complete has the Wilson Sewing Machine been made, by a skillful combination of brain and muscle, that it has left nothing to be desired. Salesroom, 707 BROADWAY, N.Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. M. C. WHEELER, Wolcottville, Conn., has used a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1858, in family sewing, with no expense for repairs and only two needles broken. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper. —[Com.]

EVERY GENUINE box of Dr. McLane's Liver Pills bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa., and their private United States Stamp. "Take no other"—the market is full of imitations.—[Com.]

THERE is scarcely a lady in the States who has not heard of COLGATE & CO.'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP. We are no longer dependent upon Paris or England for our perfumed soaps, but have in this article a preparation unexcelled in the world.—[Com.]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE gives new life to the hair.—[Com.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by *Druggists*.

Good every time and way,

CABLE SCREW WIRE

Boots and Shoes wear longer, easier to the foot than any other kind.

FROM Maine to California millions of children are wearing **SILVER-TIPPED Shoes.** Why not? they are the cheapest, and never wear through at the toe. Try them.
For Sale by all Shoe Dealers.

THE STRAP FILE & BINDER,

Various sizes, for newspapers of the shape and style of *Harper's Weekly*. Does not mar or contract the paper.
R. G. HUTCHINSON, Sole Agent,
44 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Send stamp for circular.

$10 from 50 cts.

12 SAMPLES sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N.Y.

MOTHERS,
SAVE YOUR INFANTS.

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.
Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.

ART PUBLICATIONS, New and Rare, WITH **HARPER'S BOOKS and PERIODICALS.**

By special arrangement with HARPER & BROTHERS we are now filling orders for their Books and Periodicals on the following

GENERAL PLAN:

1st. On all orders for Harper's Books (if over $3), we send as premiums any of our Art Publications to half the amount of the order.

2nd. On all orders for our Art Publications (if over $2 50), we send, as premiums, any of Harper's Books to half the amount of the order.

SPECIAL OFFER.—On all orders for Harper's Weekly or Bazar or Monthly, at $4, we send as premium, free by mail, one of our $3 CHROMOS, copied from marble on gold or silver ground; or, if preferred, our two brilliant ILLUMINATIONS from Bryant and Longfellow, worth $3. Address
CHAS. H. LYON, Agent of the N. Y. Art-Pub. Co.,
P. O. Box 3332. 551 Pearl St., New York.

PARK and GARDEN ORNAMENTS:

STATUARY, VASES, FOUNTAINS, and SETTEES.

The largest and most varied assortment of above to be found in the United States. Illustrated Catalogues and Price-Lists sent free by mail.

THE
J. L. Mott Iron Works,
90 Beekman St., cor. Cliff, N. Y.

GORHAM'S
Silver Linen Marker and Card Press, with case of type, for marking Linen, Cards, Envelopes, Tags, &c. It is beautifully chased and heavily Silver Plated. Put up and sent, all complete, for $1.50, (without case $1.25.) By mail 50 cents extra.
W. B. Gorham,
12 School St., Boston.

ROBERTS BROTHERS'
New Summer Books.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. With 12 full-page Illustrations. Price $1 50.
This new autobiographical story, which is a sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and "The Seaboard Parish," will be ready August 1st.
ROBERTS BROS., Publishers, Boston.

REED & BARTON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine ELECTRO-PLATED Ware.
Salesrooms at the factory, at Taunton, Massachusetts, and at No. 2 Maiden Lane, New York.

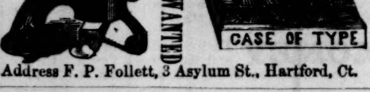
LASELL FEMALE SEMINARY, Auburndale, Mass. Four years Classical Course, including Greek. Prices reduced last year. Music under direction of Dr. EBEN TOURJEE. Access to all the advantages of the N. E. Conservatory. Particular attention paid to common branches. Special facilities for German, French, and Painting. Next year begins Sept. 19th.
Address REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING.

POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY furnishes superior accommodations, a large corps of accomplished Teachers, and is, in every respect, first-class. Pupils are carried through a collegiate course or fitted for Vassar College. For Circulars, &c., address
Rev. D. G. WRIGHT, A.M.

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY, for Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Music, Modern Languages, Fine Arts.

THE NOVELTY HAND STAMP,—With complete case of type, for marking Linen, Cards, Envelopes, etc. A perfect Little Gem. Price, $1.00, post paid $1,25, Samples free.



Address F. P. Follett, 3 Asylum St., Hartford, Ct.

Are You Musical?

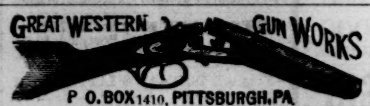
If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new catalogue. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, New York.

ROGERS' GROUPS OF STATUARY.

Inclose stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE Boards of Health of New York, Washington, and Baltimore indorse the GIRONDIN DISINFECTANT AND DEODORIZER as the **BEST.** Send for Circular to JAS. MEYER, JR., Sole Importer, 43 Beaver St., N. Y.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS



P. O. BOX 1410, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $40 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $8 to $150. Single Guns, $3 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers $6 to $25. SEND STAMP FOR PRICE-LIST. *Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for.*

No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.
MODELS AND TERMS Sent to the Trade.

THE WEEKLY SUN
FOR THE CAMPAIGN,
ONLY HALF A DOLLAR.

To meet the demands of those who desire to aid in the reform of the National Administration by the election of Greeley and Brown, THE WEEKLY SUN will be sent to all subscribers, for the next six months, for **50 Cents.**

THE WEEKLY SUN will contain full and interesting accounts of all important events that mark the progress of the Presidential campaign.

The union of independent voters of all parties to break down Grantism and corruption, and rescue the Government and the country, is being realized.

Such a combination must sweep the field. Push on the movement by circulating THE WEEKLY SUN.

THE WEEKLY SUN is the cheapest journal in the world. It contains eight pages of reading-matter, and is in every respect, both as a family and political newspaper, fully equal to any other published in the country, not merely in interest and ability, but in the quantity of useful information and pleasant entertainment which its columns furnish.
Address **THE SUN,** NEW YORK CITY.

THE SCHOOL and THE ARMY
IN
Germany and France,
With a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles.
By Brevet Maj.-Gen. W. B. HAZEN, U.S.A.,
Colonel Sixth Infantry.
12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

This is by far the most interesting and important work on the Franco-German War which has yet appeared. The author, who served with distinction in our own war, not only studied the military operations around Paris with the eye of an experienced and intelligent soldier, but sought to discover, in national traits and methods of civil and military education, the causes of which the triumph of the Germans and the humiliation of the French were the natural results. His account of the different systems of training, in the schools and military academies of both nations, is clear, instructive, and interesting, and throws light on many problems connected with the war. Not less important, and perhaps even more interesting, are his graphic sketches of siege life at Versailles. While in the German camps about the beleaguered capital, Gen. Hazen was brought into personal contact with Bismarck, Von Moltke, and other distinguished soldiers and statesmen, of whom he gives very attractive pen-portraits and personal anecdotes. Probably no visitor to the scene of conflict had better opportunities for observation than Gen. Hazen, and he has made admirable use of them in the work now before the public.

General Hazen's design is to trace the war to its causes, and to search far back in the temperament and education of the two peoples for the reasons of the disaster to France and the victory to Germany. To this work he brings a clear discernment, a calm and correct judgment, and an accurate knowledge of the facts of the case. He thinks and writes with soldierly directness and with evident impartiality.—*Boston Journal.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of* $2 50.

THE YOUNG AMERICA,
A PERFECT TOY STEAM-ENGINE,

With Copper Boiler and Copper Bottom.
Manufactured by the BUCKMAN M'F'G CO., 634 Broadway, N. Y.
A Steam Whistle, fitting all toy engines, 15c.
The Young America Engine, by mail, postpaid, $1 50.
The Young America, No. 1, extra, by mail, postpaid, $2 25.
The Little Giant, double cylinder, by mail, postpaid, $3 50.
Mechanical Movements, 25c. to $2 50 each.
Liberal Discount to Trade.

HOW'S YOUR BACK?—Aches, don't it? **O'Hara's Comfortable Chair** will fully support it in any position. A large, handsome, upholstered or cane back and seat arm-chair, only $10. Agents wanted where no dealers have them. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. CHAS. M. O'HARA MANUF'G CO., Hillsboro, O.

MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND INDICATOR. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveller, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote correct time and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing like it!* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 3 for $2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the Sole American Agents, KING & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 96 Fulton St., New York City. "Enough said."

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *from the commencement of* CHARLES READE'S *story, in the August Number,* 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November,* 1873—*making* SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.
150 DESIGNS and PLANS for Houses of moderate cost. $1 50, postpaid.
ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, 245 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Send for Catalogue of all the best books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, & the Horse.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

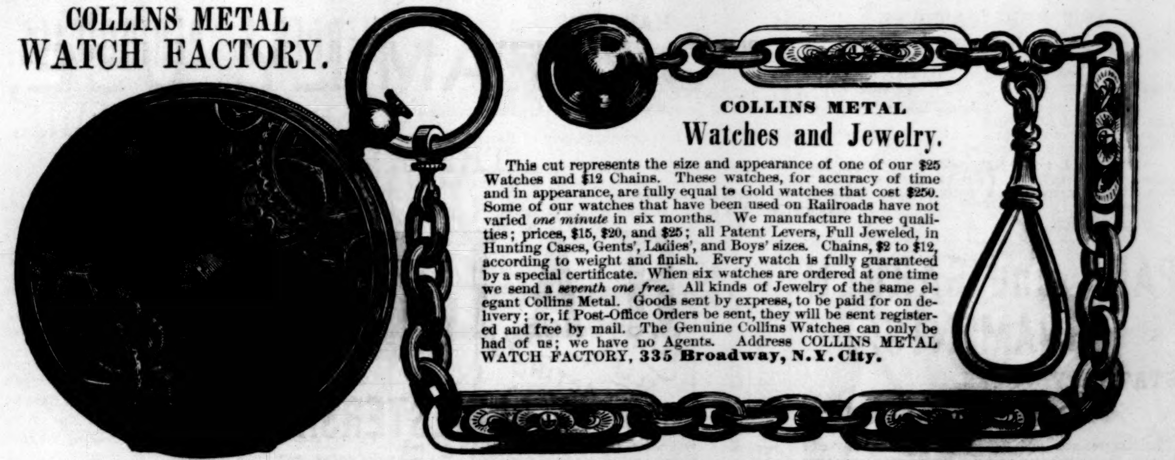
In great demand. A complete success. Water and Chamber Pails, Slop Jars, Spittoons, Milk Pans, Basins, Fruit Dishes, Trays, &c. Durable and cheap. Trade supplied. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St. (Franklin Square), New York City.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER

Is acknowledged **THE BEST ARTICLE** of the kind ever made. **Numerous Testimonials** in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.
LADY AGENTS WANTED.
HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers,
New Haven, Conn.
ARNOLD & BANNING, New York;
D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago,
Agents.

CAMPAIGN Paper Lanterns, Balloons, &c., Manufactured by J. Featherstone & Co., Cleveland, O.

COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY.



COLLINS METAL

Watches and Jewelry.

This cut represents the size and appearance of one of our $25 Watches and $12 Chains. These watches, for accuracy of time and in appearance, are fully equal to Gold watches that cost $250. Some of our watches that have been used on Railroads have not varied *one minute* in six months. We manufacture three qualities; prices, $15, $20, and $25; all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases, Gents', Ladies', and Boys' sizes. Chains, $2 to $12, according to weight and finish. Every watch is fully guaranteed by a special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time we send a *seventh one free.* All kinds of Jewelry of the same elegant Collins Metal. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery; or, if Post-Office Orders be sent, they will be sent registered and free by mail. The Genuine Collins Watches can only be had of us; we have no Agents. Address COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, **335 Broadway, N.Y. City.**

NOVELLO'S
ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF
OPERAS.

Complete Vocal Series (containing all the recitatives), with Piano-forte accompaniment; with Italian, German, or French and English words. Published monthly.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR; or, splendidly bound in Scarlet Cloth, gilt edges, $2 00.

NOW READY:

FIDELIO,	LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,
FRA DIAVOLO,	RIGOLETTO,
DON GIOVANNI,	SOMNAMBULA,
NORMA,	DER FREISCHUTZ,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,	TANNHAUSER,
LUCREZIA BORGIA,	MASANIELLO, $1 50,
IL TROVATORE,	I PURITANI,
OBERON,	LOHENGRIN.
IL BARBIERE,	

"We, the undersigned, have used Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.'S editions of Operas, and have much pleasure in stating that we consider them thoroughly correct and reliable.

(Signed) E. PAREPA ROSA,
CARL ROSA,
CHARLES SANTLEY."

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

NOVELLO'S Operas may be had of any music dealer in the country, or direct from the publishers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.,
No. 751 Broadway, New York.

BROWN'S 'ALWAYS COOL' STOVE-LID LIFTER.

Price 25 Cts.

With Patent Hollow Handle.

A KITCHEN LUXURY.

Brown's Double-Cone Ventilating Damper.
THE BEST IN USE. PRICE **50** CENTS.
For sale by all Dealers. Manufactured by
G. B. WALBRIDGE, 55 Chambers St., N. Y.

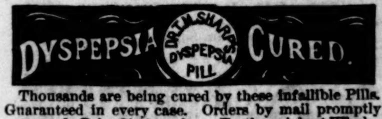
IF YOU WANT

To do your own printing, and the best job press in the world to do it with, then you will get THE YOUNG AMERICA PRINTING PRESS. A descriptive Circular, with Specimen Book of Type, &c., sent to any address by JOSEPH WATSON, 85 Water St., Boston, and 53 Murray St., New York.

$100,000 CAPITAL WANTED, in a Machine (iron) Manufacturing business, which is already established on a large basis, and capable of increase. Yields good margin of profit, and is located in a large city in New York State. Address "MANUFACTURER," P. O. Box 5057, New York City.

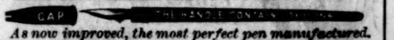
Three-Ply Roofing. Two-Ply Sheathing. Send for Samples and Circular.
MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE DEBILITY OF OUR BOYS, and the Early Decay of our Young Men. —A new work by James C. Jackson, M.D., just published. Flexible covers. Seventy pages. Price 50 cents. Send for table of contents to
AUSTIN, JACKSON, & CO., Dansville, Liv. Co., N.Y.



Thousands are being cured by these infallible Pills. Guaranteed in every case. Orders by mail promptly answered. Price $1 00 per box. Testimonials at Wholesale Office, 145 Eighth St., N. Y. Send for Circulars.

PRINCE'S IMPROVED FOUNTAIN PEN.



As now improved, the most perfect pen manufactured. Writes ten hours with one filling. Saves one-third the time. Can be sent by mail in a registered letter. Send for Circulars. Manufactured only by
JOHN S. PURDY, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., N.Y.

MUSEUM of WONDERS & elegant CHROMO for 10c. Central Book Co., Garrettsville, O.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt	" 52

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS' OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The popularity of *M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia* having become general, now that its importance is universally acknowledged, and the inducements offered to Agents being liberal, experienced and successful canvassers are daily applying for an opportunity to sell this and other valuable publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There is some desirable territory not yet assigned. For further particulars, address

AVERY BILL,
Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!!
WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose.
THE most valuable addition to the **Business Office;** the most efficient instructor in **Schools;** the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the **Family;** and is unsurpassed for the use of **AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS.**

Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 349—351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts, Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St, Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St, St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 53—55 S. Jefferson St, Chicago:—Manufacturer's Agents.

CUNDURANGO.

Bliss, Keene, & Co.'s Fluid Extract cures Cancer, Scrofula, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, and all Blood Diseases.

The best-known Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. Price, $3 per bottle.

OFFICE, No. 60 Cedar St., New York.

VENTRILOQUISM.—ALL ABOUT IT. How to learn it. How to imitate birds, animals, and human beings. The only GENUINE book. Largest and best. Sent for 25 cts., by HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per ct. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
PROF. FOWLER'S
Great Work on Manhood, Womanhood, and their mutual inter-relations; Love, its Laws, Power, &c.
Send for specimen pages and Circulars with terms.
Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$15 00 PER DAY for Agents, selling Campaign Badges, worn by Ladies & Gents as Breast and Scarf Pins, Gold Plated, with superb photographs of either Presidential Candidates. Samples mailed free for 30 cents. McKAY & CO., 93 Cedar St., N. Y.

AGENTS and Peddlers for our Press and Strainer. Presses and strains jams, jellies, herbs, vegetables, lard, tallow, meats, cheese, &c., quick and profitable. Over 60,000 sold in a few localities. Every family wants it. Circulars free. LITTLEFIELD & DAME, 102 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MASONIC.—Wanted, on salary or commission, Members of the Fraternity as Agents for the Unique and Splendid New Work. A rare chance. Send for descriptive catalogue and terms. REDDING & Co., Publishers of Masonic Works, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

THE STRUGGLE OF '72.
A GRAND CHANCE. Nothing ever offered like it before. A Novelty in Political and Popular Literature. Agents, address UNION PUBLISHING Co., Chicago, Ill., Phila., Pa., or Springfield, Mass.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars free. STAFFORD M'F'G Co., 66 Fulton St., N. Y.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.
We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible*, containing over **450** fine Scripture Illustrations, to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.—The New York Plate-Glass Co. supplies, transports, and sets Plate Glass, as well as indemnifies against all casualties. Agents wanted. Send for Circular. 194 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS & SALESMEN, most fortunate chance to make money pleasantly, respectably, surely. $50 weekly, without fail. Address, for circulars, O. F. TEMPLETON, 615 Broadway, N. Y.

LIVING THOUGHTS of **Leading Thinkers.** 500 authors. A mine of gold. Elegant. Sells rapidly. Agents, address J. R. FOSTER & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

1000 AGENTS WANTED! for the National Recipe Book. Best out! Postpaid, $2 00. MICHIGAN PUBLISHING CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

$10 A DAY to sell DORMAN'S LITTLE GEM and Rubber Stamps. Address U. S. M'F'G Co., 97 West Lombard St., Baltimore.

AGENTS earn $100 Weekly. Address MYERS M'F'G Co., 104 John St., N. Y.

BREECH-LOADING
SHOT-GUNS,
RIFLES, PISTOLS, & METALLIC CARTRIDGES.

Schuyler, Hartley, & Graham,
19 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

CAMPAIGN BADGE CO., 182 Broadway, N. Y. 100 Badges, Grant and Greeley assorted, 10 different styles, Handsomely Carded and Boxed, C. O. D., $8.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

1.
THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE, with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles. By Brevet Major-General W. B. HAZEN, U. S. A., Colonel Sixth Infantry. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

2.
THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Ralph the Heir," "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "Phineas Finn," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

3.
THE UNITED STATES TARIFF AND INTERNAL REVENUE LAW (approved June 6, 1872), together with the Acts of which it is amendatory, and a full Alphabetical Table of the United States Tariff; also a Table of Internal Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

4.
LORD KILGOBBIN. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

5.
THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS. Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

6.
HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, $5 00.

7.
A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

8.
THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR. A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

9.
IS IT TRUE? Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls.* 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

10.
ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

11.
ALBERT LUNEL. A Novel. By the late LORD BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

12.
ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE. Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Cæsar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, $3 00.

13.
A BRIDGE OF GLASS. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Herself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

14.
TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

15.
HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.
OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

16.
A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 316 pages, Cloth, $1 00.

17.
TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 per vol.

18.
LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*